Chronicles

June 1994 A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE $2.95

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THE HEALTH CARE DEBATE

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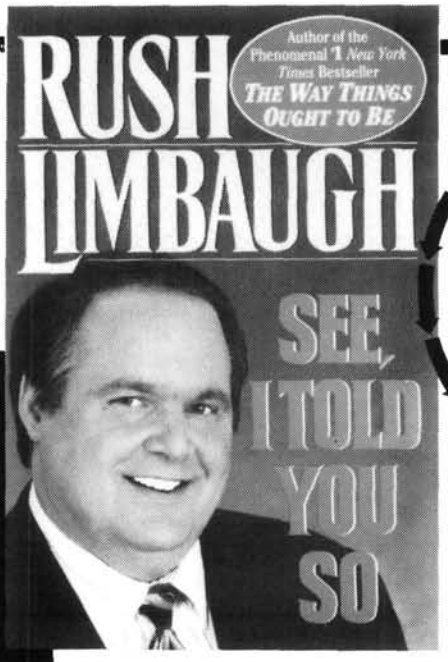

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Chronicles
A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

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On the Middle American Uprising

Chronicles does like to keep a good debate going. Samuel Francis's bugle call ("A Banner With a Strange Device," February 1994) for economic nationalism was another interesting alignment of Main Street conservatism with the dirigiste left. Come the Middle American political uprising, I'm still wondering, what sort of policymaking might we actually expect? Is your model France? Japan? India? America of the high-tariff era? Please provide a better road map.

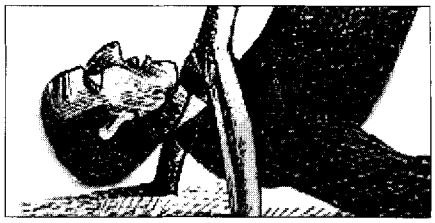
I understand that your shopkeeper capitalism is distinct from the corporate variety. But isn't it at odds with the entrepreneurial dynamic as well? Mr. Francis wants to protect the high-wage jobs of his fellow Americans. You can't do that, in a static sense, without barring the mold-breakers who at least temporarily diminish the value of traditional output, and I doubt you could do that even if you wanted to. The Postal Service pays well, but its days as a dominant carrier are numbered—even with a legal monopoly—if you consider electronic transmission as a competitor. In the end, the only real countervailing force to capitalism (in whatever form we have it) is the state, and even with you as its curious ally, the state is losing.

Your nostalgia for a former America is one that many of your fellow citizens—though certainly not all—would share. But it's likely to be preserved only in a museum. All living organisms change; the economic forces reshaping the world can be delayed, but with perverse effect. Correct as you may be in damning the destruction of the old, you cannot stop it. You can *not* stop it.

—*Tim W. Ferguson*
Wall Street Journal
Los Angeles, CA

The Editors Reply:

The real issue is the federal principle: the right and duty of nations to protect themselves against other nations and empires like the U.N. or the E.C.; the right of states to guard their interests against national and international governments; the right of families and individuals to mind their own business without interference from any government agency—in other words, an entirely decentralized political and economic order. The effect of NAFTA or E.C. regulations or U.N. treaties, unfortunately, is to suck all the decision-making power up to the top of the tree, away from the roots of all creativity: the individual, the family, the entrepreneurial firm, the local community.



Economic creativity is only a small part of what is at stake, because all the productive elements of society are being corrupted today—scholars and scientists, poets and painters, priests and soldiers. If we had to choose between two situations—a creative economy with a stagnant social, aesthetic, religious, intellectual order or a stagnant economy in which arts and letters flourished and people led decent lives—we would unquestionably choose the latter.

The trouble is, the choice is not that simple. Expanding economies are also cultural golden ages—fifth-century Athens, 12th-century Pisa, etc. But there is always a simple decision-rule: Does a measure or policy tend to promote the concentration of wealth and power at higher levels or does it tend to devolve it? In this regard, we have sympathized with progressive/populist attempts to control big business, just as we have always deplored their fantasy that such control could be exercised by the federal (or even state) government. For similar reasons, as much as we would like to contain the problems of unassimilated immigrants, we are opposed to identity cards, routine searches, and the English Language Amendment.

Ultimately, the rise and fall of civilizations is only partly determined by economic and political forces. Malaria seems to have destroyed Pisa, but laziness and dependency is the more usual disease. Mr. Jefferson and his friends foresaw all of this, hence his doctrine of periodic revolution as the only guarantee of republican government.

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THIS ISSUE OF CHRONICLES, we are pleased to report, has been funded in part by a special grant from the Alex C. Walker Educational and Charitable Trust of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

DONNA SHALALA, Secretary of the Department of Health and Human Services, recently said at a press conference: "We have the knowledge and the technology to prevent the spread [of AIDS]. What we have lacked until now is the political will." The press conference was held to introduce the latest government-sponsored nightmare: a series of commercials, putatively designed for AIDS prevention, which openly advocate, for the first time in a federal government program, the use of condoms "consistently and correctly." The ads are targeted at young adults aged 18 to 25 and are part of larger "community-based" crusades to make the world safe for promiscuity. All the major television and radio stations have agreed to run the ads, although only NBC and FOX have agreed to do so without any restrictions on the time or content of the advertisements, a fact that caused an outburst of applause from the reporters covering the press conference. Some stations, in an attack of conscience, agreed to run the more explicit ads only after tags promoting abstinence are added. Even with these minor alterations, the response to the condom commercials is a striking contrast to the networks' almost-total rejection of a series of pro-life spots funded by a private foundation.

The ads themselves, designed by the firm of Ogilvy & Mather South for the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention in Atlanta, contain various scenes not suitable for reprint in a family magazine, although they are already being broadcast into the living room of every American family—except those smart enough not to own a television. Secretary Shalala calls the ads "sophisticated," and so they are: they feature cute dialogue and high-tech animation, and some include various popular performers to trumpet the party line, so as to grab the attention of the mass of zombies that is their intended audience. Some of the nine new spots (it is said) promote abstinence as the best policy for avoiding sexually transmitted diseases; the ads, however, indicate no place for young adults to obtain information on why refraining from sexual activity might be a good thing yet provide a hotline to find out more about correct condom use.

What is most disturbing about the defenses offered by the government for these ads is the blithe assurance that these advertisements are only a matter of health policy, of "knowledge" and "technology," as if questions of sexual conduct have ever been considered only matters of health. The commercials, it is true, concentrate primarily on reducing the risk of contracting AIDS and, by derivation, other such diseases; no mention is made of illegitimacy, and of course there is no discussion, above the level of personal preference, of the advantages, moral and social, to avoiding promiscuous conduct until marriage or at least a mature age. No, these commercials, like most such government programs, treat their charges as animals with virtually no self-control. The government line is that well, of course, abstinence is best (strictly in terms of disease prevention), but we all know how kids are going to behave, and so we have to be "sophisticated," explain to the rutting youngsters that the act of procreation is a dangerous and disease-ridden one, and teach them to treat every partner as a possible death sentence.

Nowhere does it seem to occur to the Brain Trust in Washington or Atlanta that a segment of the population might think these advertisements just a bit too sophisticated for their simple tastes and consider them an affront to values—like chastity, or parental supervision, or traditional norms regarding matters of intimacy—they hold dear. What becomes clear is that while promoting the use of condoms might have some health benefits (although the scientific evidence is not as certain as the CDC would like us to believe), the deeper result of a program like this is to strike yet another blow at the traditional beliefs of the American people. Citizens in some states are already winning small victories against this new type of subversion. The Texas Board of Education has approved an abstinence program, from which parents can remove their children if they find it inappropriate, and in New York a court has just struck down New York City's policy of providing condoms to students without their parents' knowledge or permission, ruling that such a program violates parental rights.

Shalala and company claim that the commercials are only a small part of the total government package, that other "community-based" programs can take a more flexible approach to respond to the needs of the members of various locales. This answer strains credulity. Can we really believe that local programs promoting other messages will survive and not be either strangled by a lack of federal funds or attacked with the bogus charge of "imposing morality"? Already, left-wing and homosexual activists are pressing for more explicit commercials, saying that the present ones do not give how-to instructions clearly enough. In Washington, there is no question as to whether regular citizens or militant activists have the greater influence. That the commercials ignore the plain statistical fact of the disease's victims is yet a further sign that social engineering, and not solely health policy, is at the root of this new campaign.

—*Gerald Russello*

YETTA M. ADAMS, an eccentric and meddlesome bag lady, died on a bench outside the concrete walls of the Department of Housing and Urban Development last winter. If this had been the 80's, her death would have been cited as a consequence of budget cuts, greed, and flint-heartedness. But thanks to a friendly press and a political team skilled at spin control, HUD Secretary Henry Cisneros used the occasion to grandstand for putting more cash in the government's coffers.

In a Washington-style act of contrition, HUD Secretary Henry Cisneros decried homelessness and promised an immediate $25 million in new spending. Nobody asked why the $28 billion the department spent last year did not prevent Adams' death or why a tenth of one percent increase would make any difference now. Many people, including local family members, had tried to talk Ms. Adams into a shelter. Plenty of space was available the night she died. For reasons known only to her, she refused help.

Claiming to be grief-stricken, Mr. Cisneros pounded out an op-ed for the

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Washington Post that appeared a few days later. Ms. Adams' death "is an indictment of a system" that has "failed to address" the "underlying causes" of homelessness, he said. Curing "underlying causes" is always good for a few million.

In deciding where the initial allotment of money should go, Mr. Cisneros called a meeting to which local churches running soup kitchens were not invited. Instead, the meeting was well attended by groups like the "Community for Creative Non-Violence" and the "United Planning Organization," who, like Mr. Cisneros, use others' misfortune to enhance the political fortunes of liberalism.

"How can I help?" Mr. Cisneros asked. Hands went up around the room. One by one, representatives made their demands. "It was like a Christmas wish-list," said a department official who refused to give her name."Raise your hand and it's yours." One recipient organization will be the National Coalition for the Homeless, whose spokesman said Mr. Cisneros "was clearly moved by the death of Yetta Adams." He demonstrated his charity, as liberals do, by generously spending other people's money.

What remains of $25 million will be similarly distributed around the country, going to nonprofit groups engaged in "community organizing" as part of their "help." These groups, who don't hide their political agenda, already receive big bucks from HUD's coffers and have for many years. The Clinton administration staffed the department directly from their ranks, so their employees get the money coming and going.

One fine example is Mr. Andrew Cuomo, assistant secretary for "community planning." He first made a name for himself as a ruthless strategist for his father's New York gubernatorial campaigns. Then, to soften his image and develop liberal credentials, young Andrew started a firm that built housing for the "poor" with corporate and government underwriting. Predictably, his housing was erected in hostile communities.

Mr. Cuomo has long campaigned for "privatizing" housing programs, but not by selling off public housing to the highest bidder. That might actually save money. Instead, he wants to "contract out" department services by giving cash directly to leftist nonprofit groups. In this way, the money becomes high-power fuel for statist causes. Thomas J. DiLorenzo and James T. Bennett wrote a book on such nonprofit graft called *Destroying Democracy: How Government Funds Partisan Politics*.

Privatization or not, HUD always pretends it is starved for money. No matter how many tax dollars are shoveled in its front doors—or how much its spending sucks the economy dry—it is never enough. For example, the *Washington Post* recently called HUD "one of the smallest federal departments."

Let's see. When President Johnson left office, HUD's budget was $3.7 billion, and by President Carter's last year, it had more than tripled. President Reagan was vilified for "cutting" the budget, but the data show a 28 percent increase, from $14.8 billion to $19 billion. The department boomed another 40 percent under Jack Kemp's leadership, and with President Clinton's ambitions, Mr. Cisneros may yet beat Kemp's record-setting spending increases.

This spending flurry came as the department's inspector general released a semiannual review, which reported bad bookkeeping, missing money, and sloppy management. It is a familiar litany, ten years running, but with one difference. The IG's office could not comment on past reports of shaky finances since HUD hadn't even filed the proper statements to make an investigation possible.

Commenting on the report, Cisneros said that "we have made some important first steps" and promised "improvements" down the road. That's just what his predecessor said. Mr. Cisneros can now put off serious changes until he is out of office. While on the speakers' circuit, he can tell the sad story of Yetta Adams and continue calling for more socialism.

—Jeffrey Tucker

Our immigration problems

briefly received national attention last year when boatloads of illegal Chinese migrants landed on American shores. Yet, because many of these illegals made bogus claims of political asylum, some political leaders spoke as if asylum abuse were the only real problem. Representative Lamar Smith (R-Texas) set the record straight when he observed that reform of such abuse was only a "2 percent solution," as it dealt with only 2 percent of the problem of illegal immigration. And, he might have added, it said nothing about the even greater problem of excessive *legal* immigration. This flow of quota immigrants, refugees, and asylees is at an all-time high. Most arrive from impoverished Third World countries, as do at least 300,000 more illegal aliens across our virtually uncontrolled borders. Thanks to these numbers and to higher birthrates for immigrants than for native-born citizens, America is racing to a Third World future.

Fortunately, at least some congressmen seem to perceive this bigger picture and have offered legislation to deal with the substance of the nation's growing immigration crisis. The following is a summary of the leading proposals.

The most comprehensive is Senate Bill 1351 by Senator Harry Reid (D-Nevada). Among other steps, Reid's bill would set a fixed annual limit of 300,000 on immigration and limit refugee admissions to 50,000 within the 300,000 total. The 300,000 ceiling, say many advocates of immigration control, is still too high. They prefer 200,000, a figure roughly equal to the number of people who leave each year. In any case, Reid deserves credit for the first serious proposal in many years to put immigration quotas back in kilter with our ability to absorb and assimilate newcomers.

The limit on refugees is also a move in the right direction. Reform in this area is long overdue. By legal definition, a refugee is someone with a well-founded fear of persecution. By this definition, observed journalist Don Barnett at the Carrying Capacity Network conference in Washington last summer, nearly 90 percent of the 130,000 or so "refugees" now arriving each year are not true refugees, but simply people who think they'll find greener political and economic pastures here in America. According to Barnett, some of the green quite often is federal taxpayers' cash funneled through church resettlement programs for refugees. After these churchmen practice their "Christian charity" at other citizens' expense, they route the "refugees" to the appropriate welfare agencies, which are highly grateful for the new business. Refugees, unlike other categories of immigrants, are immediately entitled to the full range of welfare benefits.

Two other provisions of Reid's bill would tighten safeguards against frivolous asylum claims and increase the size of the Border Patrol from 4,470 to

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9,900. The Reid bill is a good framework for reform, but other proposed measures could strengthen it and fill in gaps needing attention. One is an additional remedy for asylum abuse, Representative Bill McCollum's (R-Florida) House Bill 1355, which would allow exclusion of asylum applicants using false documents. A further measure to round out the Reid plan is Representative James Traficant's (D-Ohio) House Bill 1017, which would authorize deployment of 10,000 federal troops on our borders as an emergency measure to stop illegal immigration.

Claims of some congressmen to the contrary, emergency deployment of troops for border protection is allowable under the law. If the present situation is not an emergency, then what is? The military has often assumed a police role to contain disorder. Deploying troops will show we are serious about protecting our sovereignty and laws. (If we're not willing to guard them, then why even have a military?) Also, it will take at least a couple of years to recruit, train, and deploy the number of Border Patrol officers envisioned by the Reid bill. In the meantime, we cannot allow the situation to get further out of control.

Not all illegals can be stopped at the border. For those who get through, back-up measures are necessary. The package of illegal immigration control bills offered by Representative Elton Gallegly (R-California) offers some good possibilities. One, H.R. 1079, would create tamper-proof identification (as does Reid's bill) for purposes of verifying employment elligibility. Gallegly's measure would also fund research into a computerized call-in system for employers to verify workers. These steps are necessary to remedy the ease with which illegal aliens now obtain employment. The 1986 law banning the hiring of illegals made no provision for secure identification to allow employers to distinguish between legal and illegal residents. As a consequence, illegal aliens have freely used counterfeit documents to obtain American jobs.

Another Gallegly bill, H.R. 1080, would end federal benefits for illegal aliens. Among those benefits are pregnancy care and delivery for illegal alien women. Also, when these women have children in the United States, under current interpretation of the 14th Amendment, the children are U.S. citizens. As citizens, the children may receive the full range of benefits available to any other citizen. And, in most cases, their illegal parents are allowed to stay here with them. To stop this abuse Gallegly has proposed that citizenship, in such cases, be limited to the children of mothers who are legal residents. (Reid's bill offers the same provision, but Gallegly deserves credit for being the first in Congress to propose it.) His bills to carry out this reform are H.R. 1191 and H.J. Res. 129. The former assumes that it can be done by federal legislation alone; the latter provides for a constitutional amendment if that is required.

The objectives of the legislation outlined above are the bare minimum of what must be done to secure genuine immigration reform. And they will not come easily. Frankly, most congressmen would rather cater to pro-immigration interests—corporations feeding on cheap immigrant labor, multiculturalism-pushers, etc.—than to average Americans. Sustained public outcry is the only force that can turn the tide. As one speaker recently advised immigration-control activists in San Diego, "Politicians will see the light when they feel the heat."

—John C. Vinson

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Principalities & Powers

by Samuel Francis

The New Meaning of Conservatism

One of the most amazing and alarming features of the managerial system in the United States is its capacity to alter the meaning of things without changing their external appearance. This property is essentially what the Old Right political analyst Garet Garrett observed in his insight about "revolution within the form," a concept he drew from Aristotle, whom he quoted to the effect that in some kinds of revolutions, "one thing takes the place of another, so that the ancient laws will remain, while the power will be in the hands of those who have brought about revolution in the state."

The technique of "revolution within the form," of course, is not confined to the present managerial system. Thucydides discussed how, in the chaos of the Peloponnesian War and the revolutions it provoked in the ancient Greek city-states, words came to change their meanings and to express the exact opposite of what their forms intended. It operated in ancient Rome as well, where, as historian Ronald Syme noted about the Augustan revolution that transformed a decadent republic into a monarchy, "Despotism, enthroned at Rome, was arrayed in robes torn from the corpse of the Republic." Augustus, as the new Roman monarch, was careful not to do away with the forms and trinkets of republican government which the Romans loved so much and which he used to mask his own dictatorship, knowing that most men, as Machiavelli remarked a millennium and a half later, "are often even more influenced by the things that seem than by those that are."

In a broader sense, "revolution within the form" is merely a definition of what used to be called "subversion," which the ex-Trotskyist sociologist Philip Selznick described as "the manipulation

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of social institutions for alien ends, this manipulation being conducted covertly in the name of the institution's own values." In our own time, just as the managerial system was locking itself into place in the 1950's, a cinematic exploration of the theme of "revolution within the form" appeared in Don Siegel's *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. For four decades film critics have quibbled about the real meaning of the Jack Finney story on which Siegel's film is based, whether the outer-space creatures who have the ability to replicate human bodies and take over their minds and personalities are really communists or McCarthyites. The larger point of Finney's novelette and Siegel's film, which both groups of critics manage to miss entirely, is that the story represents a primal human fear, the simple recognition that things are not necessarily what they seem, that things, including people, can be identical in shape, looks, intelligence, and behavior but yet not be what they appear to be.

When "revolution within the form" occurs, the appropriate vehicle for the revolutionary party is a pseudoconservatism that preserves the form even as it subverts the meaning of the form, and in the case of the present managerial system, the system and its architects purport to be "conservative" in the same way that Augustus purported to be a republican, thereby acquiring the legitimacy that traditional forms impart. Thus, Franklin Roosevelt supposedly "saved capitalism" while in fact he engineered revolutionary changes in the relationship of the national state to private property and enterprise that helped subvert traditional capitalism, and Earl Warren and his comrades on the Supreme Court inserted revolutionary meanings into the words and concepts of the U.S. Constitution without ever altering a single letter of its textual form. In the 1950's, as the managerial system that Roosevelt imposed settled into place, there appeared such heirs to his throne as Dwight Eisenhower and Adlai Stevenson who actually called themselves "conservatives," while propagandists like Clinton Rossiter and Peter Viereck set to work to show in their writings how characters like Roosevelt, Stevenson, Eisenhower, and Warren were the philosophical descendants of Burke, John Adams, and Metternich. If the revolution takes place within the form, then the revolutionaries have to array themselves in the robes of the kind of conservatism that preserves the form while making sure that the substance of power flows into their own hands.

Hence, genuine conservatives like Garrett and most of his Old Right colleagues, whom Justin Raimondo discusses in his recent *Reclaiming the American Right*, had to be vilified by the revolutionaries of the new regime and their pack of pseudoconservative hounds. The story of how this occurred is familiar to Mr. Raimondo's readers, but today the same process of vilification, coupled with further adjustments in the meaning of "conservatism," continues. As evidence of it, consider the recent "Conservative Summit" sponsored by the National Review Institute in Washington in March.

I didn't attend the "Summit," but friends did, and according to their accounts, the chief consequence of the meeting, if not the real purpose, was precisely to redefine and adapt the meaning of "conservatism" to the needs of the managerial regime in the 1990's. Yet another purpose, by no means distinct from the first, was to reconfirm *National Review* itself as the main leader and voice of the American right. That goal is clear from the very title of the meeting. Only supreme leaders can convene "summits," and only subordinate leaders show up to attend them. Given the ideological fracturing of the right that took place in the 1980's and early 90's, it is now necessary for its aspirant leaders to pour the wine of the right into their own bottles and to put their own labels on the product. Thus, the "Conservative Summit" ostensibly rounded up just about everybody whom the self-appointed leadership thinks is worth having in its corral, including a handful of token Old Rightists whose presence could be exploited to prove that the summit was really inclusive and whose remarks, if my sources are reliable, were strong expressions of an authentic Old Right conservatism.

The Old Rightists might have been useful as ornamental twigs in the pseudoconservative nest *National Review* was trying to build, but they weren't the main attraction of the summit. The main attraction was a batch of neoconservative gurus, politicos, policy wonks, and perennial presidential wanna-bes who spent the weekend trying to erase just about every syllable ever breathed by the real Old Right. Those few Old Rightists who made the mistake of showing up at the summit soon found themselves the objects of the public scorn of the neoconservative luminaries.

When Old Rightist Llewellyn Rockwell, president of the Ludwig von Mises Institute, dared to criticize Franklin Roosevelt in his public remarks, he was at once corrected by none other than the Minority Leader of the House of Representatives, the Hon. Newt Gingrich himself, who happened to be a copanelist of Mr. Rockwell. The chief Republican in the House held up the Democratic Old Rubberlegs as America's "greatest politician," the man who should be the model for conservatives and from whom "we" can learn how to "build coalitions" and how to "govern" (it's interesting that Mr. G. prefers Roosevelt to Reagan in these respects). As examples of how "we" should govern, presumably, the leader of the Stupid Party in Congress proposed federal control of all law enforcement in the country and "saving" the children of the underclass by federal programs.

Mr. Rockwell had criticized "big government" and urged the adherence of the American right to the tradition of small government advocated by the Antifederalists, the Agrarians, and the Old Right of the 1930's. He received a good deal of support from the audience, but Karlyn Bowman of the American Enterprise Institute, also a copanelist, made haste to disassociate herself from the dangerous Mr. Rockwell. The American people, she proclaimed, are supportive of big government, and she at once unbosomed polling data to buttress this dubious and irrelevant claim.

Jack Kemp, the ubiquitous favorite of the Stupid Party, was also on hand, this time to deliver yet again his standard sermon on the joy of nonwhiteness. He pronounced that the high black crime rate is due to the "root causes" of poverty and racism, a stale theme of 1960's liberalism and progressivism (not to mention New Leftism), and held that the low loan rates of black businessmen are also due to white racism. Mr. Kemp then launched into a speech on What Conservatism Means To Me, which informed his audience that the first duty of conservatives is to battle "anti-Semitism and racism." He offered as exemplars of this fight Elie Wiesel's attack on Ronald Reagan for his visit to the Bitburg cemetery and William F. Buckley, Jr.'s attack on the John Birch Society. The ex-Housing Czar added that, at next year's

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Conservative Summit, he wanted to see an audience "one-third black and one-half Latino." Mr. Kemp apparently believes that the white majority of the country should have only a one-sixth representation in *National Review*'s parliament of the right.

But perhaps the *pièce de résistance* of the summit was Judge Robert Bork, who was dragged forth from a comfortable retirement as the Stupid Party's martyr-in-chief to declaim on one subject or another. Celebrated by the stupidos as the world's greatest constitutional expert a few years back, Judge Bork said that while he doubted that gun control would "work," there is no constitutional problem with it because "there is no constitutional right to bear arms." Instead of encouraging citizens to rely on local law enforcement and their own arms for protection, Judge Bork, like Mr. Gingrich, endorsed the "federalization of all crime control functions" and said that "federalism is dead, no matter what one speaker said yesterday," the speaker in question being the hapless Mr. Rockwell.

Just to let everyone know where he stands, when yet another stupido said (in public, no less) that Bill Kristol is the nation's leading conservative intellectual, Judge Bork at once dissented and identified Irving Kristol (Bill's father) as the leading conservative egghead in the country, Irving's wife, Gertrude Himmelfarb, as the second leading conservative intellectual in the country, and Bill as only the third leading conservative intellectual in the country, for which remarks Judge Bork received massive applause from the audience.

At last Irving the Magnificent himself made his appearance, but only after Jeane Kirkpatrick had praised and endorsed the "liberal welfare state" and "national health care" and Elliott Abrams had rung the rafters with praise of global interventionism and global free trade on the lines of NAFTA and GATT, as did probably most of the speakers at the summit. As for Don Irving, he seems to have reported that, yes, indeed, civilization is in decline, but there's not much anyone can do about it, so not to worry. Why is everyone talking about economics all the time, he pondered; national health insurance didn't wreck Great Britain and it won't wreck us, so what's to worry? What we should really worry about is the rising white illegitimacy rate (this remark may induce Mr. Kemp to forbid Mr. Kristol to come to next year's summit), but then there's nothing we can do about that either, so why worry? A woman in the audience asked the nation's leading conservative intellectual how his remarks about the decline of civilization could be consistent with a recent article he published in the *Wall Street Journal*, which argued that the next 100 years would be the "conservative century." Mr. Kristol replied that he couldn't remember the article but that he was sure there was no contradiction and that if he had it in front of him he could no doubt prove it, so not to worry.

Among the dinner speakers at the summit there was also one Ed Koch, formerly liberal Democratic Mayor of New York City and now trotted out as a conservative, who took the opportunity to endorse a two-year National Service program for everyone and a mandatory government-run after-school program for children from the age of seven onwards. By all accounts Mayor Koch was farther to the right, on most issues, than the conservatives.

To be sure, informants report, there were serious, hard-line, and eloquent speeches from some of those present at the Conservative Summit—not only from Mr. Rockwell himself but also from Bay Buchanan of the American Cause Foundation on protectionism and an America First foreign policy, from Peter Brimelow of *Forbes* on immigration, and from *National Review* editor John O'Sullivan—but on the whole, the ideological rating of the Conservative Summit seems to have been well to the left of Lyndon Johnson's administration.

As Greek civil society decomposed during the Peloponnesian War, Thucydides tells us, "Words, too, had to change their meanings," so that the word no longer meant what it had previously meant but rather whatever those who used it wanted it to mean. Essentially the same thing happened at the Conservative Summit, the more or less formal adoption by the self-appointed leadership of the American right of a new meaning of conservatism. The new meaning is one that, while it retains the form of the old word, suits the purposes and needs of the managerial class in the United States in a way that Old Right conservatism does not and cannot.

In place of Old Right adherence to small government limited by the rights of states and individuals and by self-governing and independent social institutions, it champions Big Government and celebrates the heroes and icons of Big Government in American history—Lincoln, Martin Luther King, Franklin Roosevelt. In place of a strict constructionist, original-intent school of constitutionalism that defends small, limited government and opposes a big, active, and centralized state, it champions a Borkian version of constitutionalism that is blind to such inconveniences of the constitutional text as the Second and Tenth Amendments and enumerated powers and that is actively hostile to real federalism and anyone who espouses it. Instead of a foreign policy that defends the interests and rights of the nation and a trade policy that protects the national economic interest and the interests of American workers and businesses, it champions "free trade" as measured by the One-World bureaucratic titans erected by NAFTA, GATT, and their grim globalist sisters. Instead of a defense of the traditional cultural and social institutions of American civilization and the people who created them, it wallows in guilt about race, bubbles a sappy egalitarian universalism, and promotes the dispossession of the demographic and ethnic core of the nation. In place of the long roll call of Americans and Europeans who have defined and defended the Old Right tradition for centuries and the several hundred scholars and writers living today who continue it, it chooses as its hero a self-serving mediocrity who can't even remember what he wrote in his own newspaper column. Through this redefinition of the right, the managerial system succeeds in coloring both ends of the ideological-political spectrum in the United States the same hue, so that American "democracy" reduces to a phony choice between two largely identical persuasions and becomes essentially a one-party state masked by the form of two parties with indistinguishable ideologies.

Let us have no more illusions about the imposition of the new meaning of conservatism. If there's anyone on the right who doesn't share the agenda and values of the new managerial conservatism, he needs to look beneath the body the managerial conservatives have snatched and understand exactly what new meaning and whose power the form conceals. With a right like the one unveiled at the Conservative Summit, who needs a left?

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Igor Kopelnitsky

Mother Goose vs. Hell

The Real Debate on Health Care

by Thomas Fleming

To read the newspapers, one would think there was a health care debate going on in the United States. But the word "debate" implies two parties, and the spectrum of the current discussions is limited to the deeper shades of pink, since neither the white flag of reaction nor the black flag of anarchy is being raised. What few of us like to admit is that America already has a national health care system, a collusive cartel whose members are the insurance industry, the American Medical Association, and the vast bureaucracy of state and federal agencies designed to provide medical services to government employees, the indolent, and well-to-do retirees sucking up the nation's vitality in monthly installments of Social Security and Medicare.

Because some people are either too rich or too smart to squander their money on health insurance and others are using emergency facilities they do not pay for, we are said to be undergoing a crisis. Speaking personally, I would give a great deal to be able to opt out of the system. Looking back over the past 25 years, I would have done quite well, investing my money in the markets instead of squandering it on health insurance, and by the time I retired, I would have accumulated something like a half-million dollars, at which point it would be up to me to decide whether I really needed a triple by-pass more than my grandchildren needed an education.

But, someone will say, what about all those medical expenses? The truth is, the mere fact of insurance is by itself responsible for driving up the cost of health care. If there were a genuinely free market for medical services—and by free I mean a market not distorted by insurance or regulation—most medical doctors would earn roughly what college professors do, that is, slightly more than they are worth. But under the current fascist system, which Mr. Clinton would like to turn into something more like National Socialism, we find ourselves in bondage to a medical cartel that virtually compels us to divert a large part of the nation's resources away from creating and doing and toward mere carcass maintenance.

The most telling comments on our national obsession with health were made, some time ago, by Plato, who realized that many diseases were the result of indolence and vice. The more licentious a society, the more disease-ridden—and litigious. In an immoral society, he said, hospitals and courts of law flourish. Is it not disgraceful, asked Plato, to honor doctors and lawyers and to waste time on treating problems that a prudent man might have avoided? He had particularly harsh words for one Herodicus, a valetudinarian who invented a medical treatment for prolonging life: "In constantly attending to his fatal disease, he was not able to cure himself, but he spent his life nursing himself in idleness, suffering anxiety if he departed from his regimen, and using his skill to ward off death, he reached the age of senility." Plato concluded his argument by saying that self-indulgent people, who contribute nothing to their societies, are not worth the trouble to keep alive. The Athenian was not thinking of a modern nation-state but of a small city in which everyone was related to each other, if only fictionally. Applying his insight today, we might question the wisdom and morality of elderly patients who, in clinging to mere existence, divert resources away from their grandchildren.

We are already a society of self-indulgent valetudinarians, and the first effect of a national health system will be to enhance our already well-established therapeutic mentality—although we shall ultimately, as Garrett Hardin suggests, have to begin weeding out the most worthless from the ranks. Of course, in a private, pay-as-you-go system, there would be no need for euthanasia, but in the American future only the very rich will enjoy the luxury of free choice.

The nondebate over health care is only a small part of the

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great welfare lie we keep repeating. What, after all, is welfare? Literally, it is well-being, a condition which each man must define for himself and which no government can provide. "Social insurance," "social security," "social justice," and "human services" are all equally meaningless phrases used to disguise the alarming growth of government income and government power. If we mean to talk about making a decent provision for the poor, the relevant word is charity, which is a term of Christian moral theology.

As natural men—pagans or atheists—we do have obligations to family and friends, but to strangers we owe nothing. The attempt of contemporary philosophers to construct a philosophical justification for charity would fall on deaf ears in any society that had not received the Jewish Scriptures or the Christian Gospel. Indeed, Marxism and other leftisms can only be understood as post-Christian political philosophies inconceivable in any other world. Communism is only the kingdom of God with God left out.

On this subject of Christian charity—welfare, if you like—there are two fundamental errors—heresies we might call them—that must be eliminated before we can take up the specific details of any so-called welfare policy, whether it is food-stamps or national health care.

The first heresy is individualism, the doctrine that the object of human life is the happiness or self-interest that an individual pursues on his own and for himself. This is the heresy of Cain, the first man who asked "Am I my brother's keeper?" Of course he was. Men are not beasts—or worse than most beasts, like rogue elephants or feral dogs that look out only for themselves. We all have responsibilities to our children, our parents, our kinfolk and friends—even to neighbors we may not particularly like. Every family is, to some extent, a communist collective, and every small town, as Garrison Keillor once said, operates on a principle of informal socialism.

The greatest of English reactionaries, Samuel Johnson, said that the true test of a civilization was its treatment of the poor. This is often quoted to show that even a high Tory was in favor of the welfare state, but Johnson said civilization, not government, and he did not make the mistake of assuming that a social obligation is a government obligation. For that is the other heresy of charity, the collectivist assumption that men live for the common good. This is the heresy of Satan, who took our Lord up into a high place to offer Him all the kingdoms of the earth. For any merely good man, what stronger temptation can there be than the opportunity to do good to the entire world? But if we are put upon the earth to be the keeper of our actual brother, that does not mean that we have the right or duty to look after a stranger or his brother.

Americans today are afflicted with a virulent form of the disease Charles Dickens described as telescopic philanthropy: we care more for strangers than for neighbors and send our young men to die in a Somalian civil war that no one understands. We refuse to pay the support of the sick and disabled members of our family, preferring in many cases to put our enfeebled parents or retarded children into facilities paid for with other people's money, and yet we are proposing to lavish our money on national health care for total strangers.

This diabolical heresy crept into philosophy by way of the Enlightenment. Voltaire stirred up sympathy for the victims of the Lisbon earthquake, and his nemesis Rousseau was all tears and pity for anyone he did not know. It was only his family and friends he mistreated. But the great Satan of modern philosophy was Immanuel Kant who thought that human beings were bound by some general and abstract duty that could not be limited or compromised by all our little duties to those we love and are responsible for. In Kant's opinion, we are not acting morally when we do a charitable act simply because we enjoy doing charitable acts. Morality enters the picture only when we are acting on a motive of universal duty.

The reductio ad absurdum of the Kantian idiocy are those contemporary philosophers who, like John Rawls, Bruce Ackerman, and Thomas Nagel, treat a nation—or all humanity—as a great social experiment in which each of the members owes the same things to all the others and it is not legitimate to make exceptions for such accidents as family connections, personal friendship, or national citizenship. Here, in a nutshell, is the philosophy of what Walter Williams calls the Bush-Clinton administration. We go abroad seeking monsters to slay and beggars to comfort as if the national motto were not "In God We Trust" but the old commercial jingle "I'd like to buy the world a Coke and keep it company."

I have said there were two heresies, but in fact they are one and the same: a refusal to see man as he is. Ultimately, individualism always fails, because it is built upon nothing real in human nature, and when it does fail, the individualist leaps immediately into some form of collectivism. The J.S. Mill who began life as an individualist wound up saying that universal love to all mankind would sweep the world, provoking this famous outburst from James Fitzjames Stephen: "Humanity is only *I* writ large, and love for humanity generally means zeal for *my* notions as to what men should be and how they should live. He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen is peculiarly apt to suppose that he loves his distant cousin whom he hath not seen and never will."

In the past, the welfare of human beings was the exclusive concern of themselves and their families and kindreds, and the family was a semisovereign state responsible for the health, education, and welfare of its own members. The Jewish and Christian Scriptures command us to look after ourselves and our dependents and to practice charity. As Augustine put it, charity is the "virtue which joins us to God in love," and it is, as St. Paul tells us, a greater gift of the spirit even than faith.

But charity under the duress of taxation is not charity at all, even if it is voted for on the democratic but un-Christian principle of one man, one vote. One of the worst effects of national welfare systems is that they diminish our capacity and our desire to do voluntary works of charity. Until modern times, the rulers of Europe provided relief to the poor only in times of great necessity or to the widows and orphans of veteran soldiers. The Roman emperors, it is true, distributed grain and bread within the capital, but this was a sure indication that the population of Rome was a degenerate mob that looked up to the emperor as its ultimate patron. Even so, the imperial largesse was a miniscule contribution to the welfare of the Empire's population, and state philanthropy in the ancient world was generally limited to bare necessities—grain, oil, money.

In Christian Europe, it might be supposed, rulers would be tempted to exercise charity toward their peoples, and in cases of emergency, a prince might open his granaries to his subjects—as did the Egyptian pharaoh who followed the advice of Joseph. The Christian Gospel commands those of us who accept it to do good, as we are able, to widows, orphans, and the destitute, and throughout Christian England—before

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Henry VIII and his thuggish nobility nationalized the Church in England—monasteries and parishes provided charity to the needy.

In Christian Europe, the scope and powers of the state—if it is fair even to use such a word—were severely limited, and cutting across all political loyalties was the Christian's loyalty to his church. The twin powers of Pope and Emperor were poles around which gathered quite different social energies. If kings and emperors were supposed to maintain law and order and defend their subjects, the Church provided moral guidance as well as spiritual and material comfort.

What we could now call welfare—food, clothing, shelter, medicine—was distributed by the Church to members of the local parish. The monasteries, on the other hand, gave emergency relief to strangers and beggars. The Church in medieval England can be seen as a vast network of nonpolitical associations providing relief and welfare to those in need. On the eve of the Reformation, at least three percent of monastic income was devoted to relief of the poor—a really vast sum, and the wills of well-to-do Christians specified what sums should be spent on food and clothing for the poor. These were often quite significant, although few could match Richard II's scheming uncle, John of Gaunt, whose will provided 50 silver marks a day for 40 days after his death, 300 more on the eve of his funeral, and 500 on the day of his burial—a staggering fortune.

In addition to monasteries and parish relief, England was dotted with religious hospitals that provided health care as well as food and shelter to those in need. Most of this vast system of Christian charity was destroyed when Henry VIII suppressed the monasteries in order to enrich himself and his friends. In creating a new class of fabulously wealthy protocapitalists, he also destroyed the only welfare system that could have ameliorated the problems created by the growing disparities in wealth and the oppression of the poor.

Henry VIII created the welfare problem in England, and by his and his successors' efforts to centralize political authority, he made it impossible to do anything about it. Each step the English have taken has only made matters worse: outdoor relief as administered by the parish encouraged idleness, but indoor relief and workhouses divided families and made beggars wards of the state. Ultimately, England resorted to the cradle-to-the-grave social insurance that has degraded the English working classes to the point that if it were not for Pakistani and Jamaican immigrants the whole country would grind to a halt. This is the model for the American future, whether we reelect Bill Clinton or elect one of the Republican look-alikes that are already asking for our support.

This English socialism—as inappropriate to multiethnic America as it is—is the godparent of our own welfare state, but in recent years, the Tory variety of socialism has also found a home in a nation besieged by Thatcherites. And what do they tell us? I suppose the code word is empowerment, a term borrowed from the 60's left that really sums up the main drift of British socialism. If one is to believe the Anglo-American Thatcherites, there is a federal obligation to enable the poor to get on their feet, buy up pubic housing, and start small businesses.

In the Bush-Clinton administration, HUD has been a focal point of this empowerment cant, and both Jack Kemp and Henry Cisneros have advocated massive schemes of wealth transfer under the guise of privatization and enterprise zones and the like. Under Kemp's plan, public housing units could be "sold" to the inhabitants at a cost to the taxpayer of only—the price of a decent house here in Rockford.

Empowerment, which means giving people the right to take what does not belong to them, is alien to the American tradition. Marxism and other forms of socialism are exotic imports first brought into America by refugees from the revolutions of 1848. The true birthplace of Marxism is not Germany but England, whose poorer classes lived a nightmare existence. If Marx and Engels had stayed in Germany, they might never have gone half so far as they did, and if they had spent more time in the United States—by which I do not mean New York City, which even in those days was a foreign city—they might have given up on socialism entirely.

In England Marxism seems to make sense. Herman Melville was astonished by the sight of "poverty, poverty, poverty, in almost endless vistas" and commented that in America "such a being as a native beggar is almost unknown; and to be a born American citizen seems a guarantee against pauperism." Decades later, the sentimental Marxist Jack London, who was always complaining about the oppression of the poor in the United States, had to go to London to write *People of the Abyss*. Since 1902, when London plunged into the East End of London, the rulers of the United States have more and more chosen to walk in England's footsteps, and whatever the Congress decides to do with the Clintons' plan for managed competition, a national system of socialized medicine is in our future.

The mainstream Republican response has been very discouraging, and—what is worse—the conservative response has been trifling: let's not do it yet—let us wait for states to try it out; it will cost too much; it is impractical. All true, but not the basis of a counterattack. The best Republican proposal is Senator Gramm's bill to establish medical IRAs, but the ultimate effect would be to empower the federal government as the nation's nurse. The other so-called conservative solutions to welfare are only lukewarm leftism, a dog's breakfast New Deal. If the devil was, as Dr. Johnson observed, the first Whig, then the first conservative might have been some devil's son who had heard rumors of what heaven was like but refused to oppose Satan on the grounds of party loyalty. "Besides," he was fond of saying, "a true conservative conserves the status quo; he does not try to turn back the clock."

Do the French Jacobins murder priests and nobles, confiscate the Church's property, and level all social distinctions? What is the conservative response, once there is a restoration of monarchy? Why, to pass laws securing the sanctity of stolen private property. Do a weak-minded girl and her homosexual husband invade her father's kingdom with a Dutch army, corrupt his top military officers, and send the old man running for his life? Why then the conservatives will hail it as the Glorious Revolution and prate like Burke of the settlement of 1688 that is the foundation of liberty and order. And when a cynical Machiavellian bribes the people with their own money, drags them into a ruinous war, and imposes something approaching a total state upon their backs, what is the conservative response to FDR and his New Deal? It is to defend it as a bulwark against communism, and while criticizing its excesses, to refuse to strike at the beast's head.

The conservative response to the welfare state since the 1940's, with the honorable exception of a few lovable cranks,

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was to trim the fat, hold the line, and wait for the next onslaught of socialism that would carry the ball ever closer to the 100-yard line of 100 percent government. These were the policies of the Eisenhower, Nixon, and Reagan administrations, and the fact—staring us in the face—the fact of their utter failure even to slow the advance, much less reverse the progress, of socialism tells us everything we need to know about the futility of such Fabian tactics.

Most contemporary conservatives—all honorable men—assume there is enough health in the American body politic to make it worth preserving. They are wrong. It is not conservative temperaments that are needed in the coming struggle, but radicals who are willing to change things root and branch. For this reason I prefer to speak of the right or the right wing, not so much because it indicates a movement of opposition to the left, but because what we are upholding is the right, now and forever.

If we wish to be honest with ourselves, there are only two choices. We can be either Jacobins or Jacobites, communists or Christians. There is no Anglican via media between God and the devil. You must take your stand and make the best of it, and if you choose not to choose—that is, if you wish to be neoconservative, neoliberal, fusionist conservative, or Tory Wet—then you have consigned yourselves to those suburbs of hell Dante reserved for the angels who could not make up their minds which side they were on.

To fight against the politics of Kant and his universal duty, we need the politics of Aristotle, who tells us that justice and friendship are coextensive, that if we do what is right because it is commanded, we act out of fear, and that we can only be just if we act out of love toward people we know. Aristotle's greatest student, St. Thomas, puts the question very clearly. Rather than lavish our wealth on the evil—criminals, drug addicts, child molesters, AIDS-stricken homosexuals, unwed mothers, and vagrants—Thomas tells us that we should will the greatest good to those who are closest to God. On the other hand, our charitable responsibilities are also proportional to the degree of affinity: "In what concerns nature we should love our kinsmen most, . . . and we are more closely bound to provide them with necessities of life."

The entire welfare state of public schools, Social Security, AFDC, enterprise zones, food stamps, even foreign aid is built on the opposite premise. The more evil a man is—or as we should say, ethically challenged—the more money he receives; and each of us, through taxes, is compelled to divert wealth and resources away from family and friends and into the pockets of strangers and those who claim to minister to their needs. These are not policy questions or problems for a cost/benefit analysis. Welfare programs represent the systematic organization of evil, hell institutionalized on earth, and we must begin to fight them on moral and theological grounds.

But if our American education is too limited for Latin and Greek, if Aristotle and Thomas are both too difficult, we have other resources on which to build a conservative rejection of the welfare state. A recent bogus best-seller was a piece of nonsense entitled *All I Really Need to Know I Learned in Kindergarten*. This title might have made sense, if children were still taught the proverbs and Mother Goose rhymes that formed our grandparents' character.

The answer to national health care is the old saw that an apple a day keeps the doctor away, or early to bed, early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise—which is to say, take care of your health and welfare by working hard and living properly. To the calls for consumer protection, I say unto you, "A fool and his money are soon parted." And to the whole panoply of New Deal welfare-state policies and dreams, I offer: "If wishes were horses, beggars would ride; if turnips were watches, I'd wear one by my side; and if if's and an's were pots and pans, there'd be no work for tinkers." Finally, to Kant and Rousseau's dream of universal philanthropy, consider this wisest bit of proverbial wisdom: "Charity begins at home."

These are simple home truths, not the lies and distortions that we pretend to believe. We must begin the reformation of the country by first reforming ourselves, and the place to start is to call things by their right names. Managed competition and empowerment are both nothing less than socialism, and much that flies the conservative flag these days would have been called communism even in the 1950's.

As Confucius realized, "ancients who wished to demonstrate virtue throughout the world would first govern their own states well. Wishing to govern their own states well, they would first regulate their families. Wishing to regulate their families, they would first cultivate their own persons. Wishing to cultivate their own persons, they would first rectify their hearts. Wishing to rectify their hearts, they would first seek sincerity in their thoughts"—this last item is explained as allowing no self-deception. Calling a spade a spade. Here, over 2,000 years ago, is an outline of the only welfare policy an Old Right conservative can believe in. c

Past Life Regression

by Katherine McAlpine

Granted my present life is quite enough
to deal with, what am I doing here with fourteen other fruitcakes, lying on the floor
deep-breathing, making like I believe this stuff?
"You are at peace, in perfect harmony. . . ."
Taped ocean whooshes as the hypnotist
tells us to visualize a silver mist
and then step through it, into . . . Suddenly
I'm nudged awake, curtly informed I snored
straight through everyone else's scenic jaunts
to Greece, Atlantis, and galactic haunts.
Chalk up another party-poop award.
"Some souls," I'm told, "are still earth-bound
and less
ready to make the journey." Yeah, I guess.

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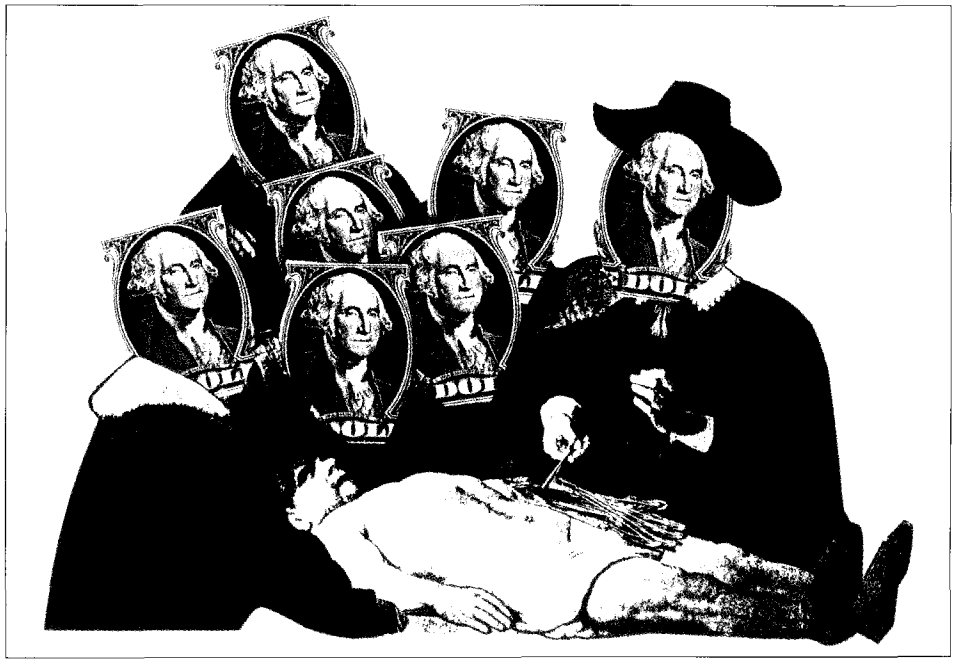
From Health Care to Discrimination

by Garrett Hardin



Igor Kopelnitsky

As we try to improve our lives with a national health care plan we must not forget the "law of unintended consequences" to which Robert Merton alerted us in 1936. Two examples illustrate the danger. Few people foresaw that federal support for poor mothers with dependent children would contribute to the breakup of black families, but it did. Nor did people foresee that rent control would contribute to the trashing of cities, but it did.

With those failures in mind, what can we say about the possible unintended consequences of well-intended health care legislation? I suggest that one of the most important consequences will be this: we will be forced to reexamine the word "discrimination" and the actions that result from it. Lest I be misunderstood, let me say that the attack on race discrimination made in the 60's was by no means a mistake. Far from it. But the condemnation of discrimination has extended far beyond that early application. A national health care system can succeed only if discrimination—appropriate, defensible discrimination—is made an integral part of it.

The need for discrimination is most apparent in the application of medicine to the far end of life. Medicine has not "conquered death," nor does it seem either desirable or likely that it ever will. But modern medicine has certainly postponed our deaths and increased their costs. Even worse, delaying mortality with fancy medicine too often increases the suffering of the dying. A jungle of high-tech apparatus can keep life going long after the possibility of enjoying it has been lost.

The cost in money can be monumental. A few months of heroic medicine can cost more than all the medical care received during the preceding years. If being given the most expensive terminal care were made the "right" of all—and if most people availed themselves of this right—a national health care system would soon be bankrupt.

Those who reject high-tech medicine, allowing life to end naturally, are often accused of "playing God." But how can the critics be so sure that God delights in seeing a human being suffer the indignity of having tubes stuffed up his nose while a heart stimulator and a breathing apparatus take over his most vital functions? Syringes drip medicines and nutrients into the veins; king-size diapers take care of the incontinent midsection; speech is often impossible, the "beneficiary" indicating his wants by blinking his eyes, assuming he can hear what is asked of him.

Americans rightly fear yielding power to the state, but in some matters the trend runs the other way. The law used to prevent anything that looked like suicide, even if it was no more than passively withholding medicine that would prolong a painful life. In recent years the Hemlock Society has made notable progress in getting the public to see the justice of not forcing terminally-ill people to endure avoidable suffering. More and more elderly people are now signing "living wills," which limit the medical care to be given at the end of life. Once people decide that refusing expensive and unwanted artificial

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medical procedures is not playing God, ever more men and women will prefer to minimize their suffering rather than maximize the length of life. Seeking their own interest, individuals in a national health care system can advance the interests of the general body politic by refusing the most heroic medicine.

But the quasi-suicide made possible by a living will is easier to accept than one person "turning off the switch" for someone else. Many people call this murder. When someone goes into a coma, the vegetative condition may continue for years. In the absence of a living will the financial cost of keeping a "human vegetable" alive may run into the millions of dollars. The emotional cost may be even greater: imagine the suffering of the parents of 15-year-old Suzanne Payette, who became comatose following a tonsillectomy in 1956. After 20 years of home care by her mother, the daughter died without regaining consciousness. Those who support turning off the switch on unconscious incurables must answer to charges that they are trying to create a "Brave New World" à la Adolf Hitler. They are warned about the "slippery slope" of ethics. The dangers are real; the criticisms must be met.

The expensive prolongation of a kind of life the individual does not want may also be contrary to the interests of the state. The key issue is this: the resources available for doing good are always limited. Money is limited, but arguments based on money often do not carry much conviction with people who are undisturbed by the increase in the national debt. Our indifference to the abstraction of money has corrupted our judgment. More importantly, the physical realities behind the abstraction—medical resources such as hospitals, physicians, and nurses—are also limited.

Faced with demands that exceed resources, what should we do? Obviously, we have to *ration* the resources. But how? A lottery would, by definition, be fair; but would such indiscriminate rationing satisfy us? I think not. What we want is *discriminative rationing*. But what criteria should we use for discrimination?

For the far end of life a rational path has already been blazed in England and Canada. Though the details vary, in both countries expensive high-risk operations such as heart and kidney transplants are denied to patients over the age of 80. Three considerations weigh into this decision. First, the probability of surviving the operation is less for older people. Second, since their expectation of life has already been greatly reduced by age, the operation may essentially be wasted. Third, if the medical resources devoted to the aged were diverted to caring for the young, more total years of life would be saved. As an economist might put the matter: geriatric medicine comes at a high "opportunity cost." That is, there are much greater opportunities for doing good by devoting the same resources to younger patients.

Turning our attention from the far end of life to the near end—to fetuses and newborn babies—we discover both similarities and differences. The medical specialty "neonatology" deals with problems of the newborn. As for the yet-to-be-born, it used to be that little could be done to correct abnormalities at this stage, but the competitive spirit among surgeons has produced surgery *in utero*, that is, operations on the unborn fetus. Thus has neonatology been augmented by *ante*natology, the two comprising *perinatology* (*peri*: near, around). Operations performed before birth are almost unbelievable in their delicacy; and of course the more delicate the operation, the more colossal the expense. The cost of perinatal medicine is advancing much faster than the Gross National Product. Surgeons as a group are famous for their enormous egos; it is likely that the competitive spirit drives them to see who can operate successfully on the youngest embryo (at the greatest expense, of course). Perinatology might be classified as an Olympic event, were it not for the fact that microsurgery can never be a spectator sport for the thousands. One questions the use of public funds to support such an esoteric venture.

Discrimination by whole classes is both wasteful and cruel when the classes are races, as we learned a generation ago. But discrimination in the light of community need and individual merit is both efficient and just.

There is one important difference between medicine at the two extremes of life: there is no chance of consulting an embryo or a very young infant to find out what its preference might be. This does not bother some physicians. Dr. C. Everett Koop, before he became Surgeon General of the United States, proudly reported his role in 22 of the 37 surgeries performed on a single baby. The ultimate effect on the subsequent life of the patient has not been reported. Enthusiasts of neonatal intervention need to be reminded that a considerable proportion of the "successes" actually end with serious functional problems in later life. Reporters are seldom around when the delayed consequences become apparent.

In the absence of the "informed consent" of infantile patients we must try to determine the economic and emotional costs imposed on parents and the community by neonatal intervention. There are cases on record of operations and postoperative care costing more than a half-million dollars. In recent years, babies born to drug-addicted mothers have introduced a new drain on the economy. The Los Angeles County Hospital reports that intensive care of drug-exposed newborns can mount to $1,768 per day. On the other coast, one such baby ran up a bill of more than a quarter-million dollars during its 245-day stay in the Howard University Hospital. One cannot but wonder how many more lives could have been improved, and even saved, by channeling the same amount of medical resources to regular checkups and immunizations for children who had far better prospects of living a normal life.

Already the state of Oregon has bit the bullet of discrimination. In administering federal Medicare funds the state refuses to pay for artificial insemination or in vitro fertilization

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("starting life in a test-tube"). Evidently, Oregonians have been looking at opportunity costs. Medical costs vary widely from area to area, but a fair estimate would show that successful artificial insemination is not cheap and that in vitro fertilization costs some ten times as much as a normal conception and birth.

It is easy to empathize with an infertile couple who feel they must have a child at any cost, but community decisions are best made on the basis of opportunity costs to the community. If the majority of the people believe that the birthrate needs to be nudged upward, a given investment can produce more babies if funds assigned to subsidize births among infertile couples are diverted to pay for births among couples of proven fertility.

A new variation on the infertility theme has been recently introduced: creating artificial fertility among post-menopausal women. At considerable expense it is possible to implant a fertilized egg (from another woman) in the uterus of a 60-year-old woman, where it surprisingly thrives and develops normally. And one empathizes with the would-be mother. But again, there is the question of community interest. We have good evidence that extra costs (of several sorts) are imposed on the community when 13-year-old girls become mothers. Though it may be ungracious to say so, are there not reasons for expecting that 60-year-old mothers, as a class, will impose extra costs of a different sort on the community? Certainly their late-born children are more likely to become deprived of their mothers before they are old enough to vote.

A few years ago the economist Lester Thurow estimated that each new American baby requires an investment of some $240,000 to turn it into an average citizen-worker-consumer. (Grossly abnormal babies require a great deal more investment, and the end product is likely to be less competent to run life's race.) Considering all these facts, the mythical Man from Mars would no doubt think it odd that earthlings should view the production of children as a purely private matter, the prerogative solely of the fertile couple. In frontier days, when isolated couples took care of all the needs of their developing children, parenthood as an unqualified right made sense. But today, with every decade that passes, the larger community assumes more and more of the expenses of childrearing. An ancient maxim states that "he who pays the piper calls the tune." Will public policy on parenthood and public health care eventually be determined by this old saw?

Last, and most difficult to deal with under a would-be universal health care system, are the middle years of life. For the wealthy few who pay their own medical bills, there would seem to be no serious problems (though medical facilities are limited no matter who pays the bills). No person, no committee can yet draw up a detailed plan for a stable system of publicly financed health care. The final solution (if there is one) is unknowable.

The costs and benefits of publicly financed medical care during the middle years depend on many factors: the age of the recipient; the probable future earnings of the particular individual; the probable costs of future medical treatments; and the plausibility of further advances in medical science. Discrimination takes place along many logical axes, and the best weighting of the various factors will not be speedily agreed upon. Controversy will continue.

We would like to foresee all of the unintended bad consequences of social innovations, but this is impossible almost by definition: if we could accurately foresee them we would take evasive action. After thinking long and hard, we will just have to do the best we can with the available knowledge.

We may have more success in predicting the good consequences of a national health care system. Beyond the aggregate gain in public health, conflict over costs should help persuade the general public that we live in a world of real limits. Such a statement would be a mere truism were it not for a steady counterpressure exerted by entrepreneurs and advertisers in our highly commercial society. During the last two centuries the reality of limits has become a radical idea. We have been urged to "fly now, pay later!" Plastic money substitutes for paper money; spending is pushed harder than thrift.

Disputes over health care may push us over the threshold into a world in which limits become pervasive psychological realities once more. When shortages become obvious, individual discrimination—electing one alternative over another—is necessary if chaos is to be avoided. Discrimination by whole classes is both wasteful and cruel when the classes are races, as we learned a generation ago. But discrimination in the light of community need and individual merit is both efficient and just. Everyone likes to say "Yes!" but every explicit Yes implies No to a host of alternatives. A national health care system will be well justified if it reinstates discrimination as a proper function of the social order. c

Questions

upon reading another long list of grant recipients

by Katherine McAlpine

Who are these writers whom nobody reads?
Why have I never heard most of their
names?
What's the criterion government heeds?
How are these writers whom nobody reads,
grinding out literature nobody needs,
finding success in the subsidy game?
Who *are* these writers whom nobody reads?
Why have I never heard most of their
names?

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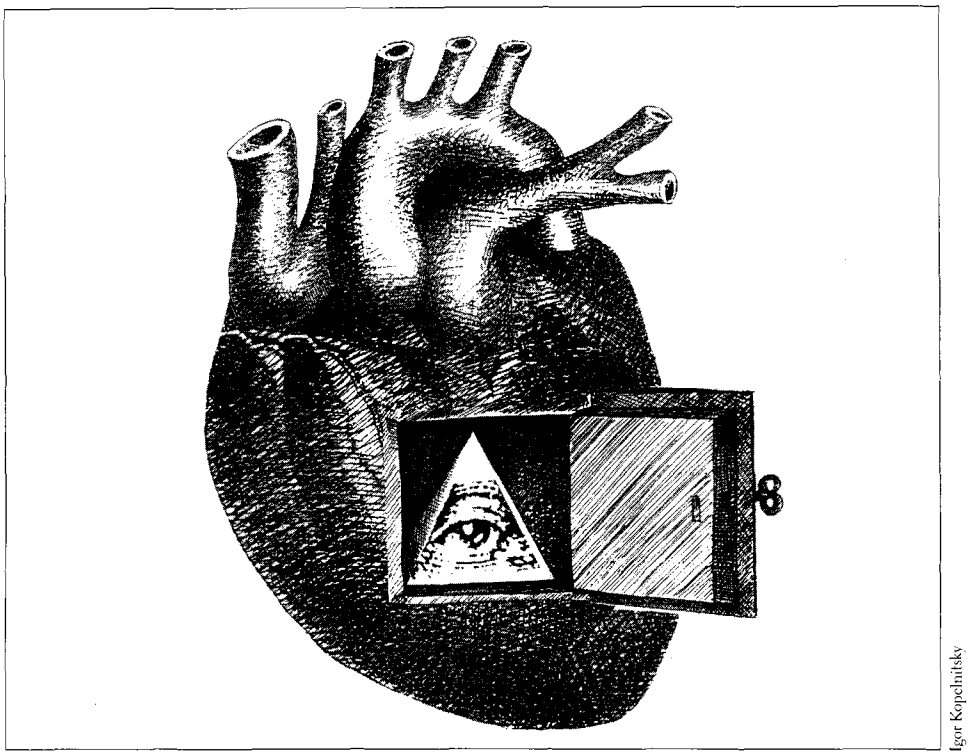
Medical Control, Medical Corruption

by Llewellyn H. Rockwell, Jr.



Igor Kopelnitsky

The vested interests are sick over it: Americans are beginning, just slightly, to take charge of their own health care. Such best-sellers as the *Doctor's Book of Home Remedies*, the *Physician's Desk Reference*, and the *Merck Manual* can keep you out of the doctor's appropriately named waiting room, or at least help you understand what is being done to you, when an apple a day does not work.

Who is unhappy with this increased knowledge? The American Medical Association, which for almost 150 years has sought to institutionalize a rip-off and to keep sick people and their families oblivious to it. Thanks to this central committee of the medical cartel, the number of medical schools and medical students is drastically restricted, state licensure further obstructs the supply of doctors, fees are largely secret and controlled across the industry, alternative treatments and practitioners are outlawed, pharmacists and nurses are hamstrung, and the mystique of the profession rivals the priesthood, although priests have a somewhat lower income. Meanwhile, the customer pays through the nose, even if he does not go to an otolaryngologist.

Medicaid and Medicare have contributed to the problem, but the medical cartel is the original sin. Through its ability to keep incomes high by limiting supply and outlawing competition, organized medicine has punished its customers, although the word is never used so as to disguise what is, after all, an economic relationship.

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Hillary Clinton's proposed merger of the medical cartel and the state seems like a radical move, and it is. It is also the logical next step in the partnership of government and medicine. That is why, in addition to opposing Hillary hammer and tongs, we should reexamine the AMA's distortion of the medical marketplace and the very idea of medical licensure.

Competition among providers—as with any service in a market economy—leads to rational pricing and maximum consumer choice. But this is exactly what the AMA has always sought to prevent. The American Medical Association, organized in New York in 1848, advanced two seemingly innocent propositions in its early days: that all doctors should have a "suitable education" and that a "uniform elevated standard of requirements for the degree of M.D. should be adopted by all medical schools in the U.S." These were part of the AMA's real program, which was openly discussed at its conventions and in the medical journals: to secure a government-enforced medical monopoly and high incomes for mainstream doctors.

Membership in the new organization was open only to "regular" physicians, whose therapies were based on the "best system of physiology and pathology, as taught in the best schools in Europe and America." The public had a different view, however. Official treatments of the time, such as bloodletting and mercury poisoning, harmed and sometimes murdered patients, causing mass outrage.

Emphatically not included among the "best" were the homeopaths. Homeopathy, a less invasive system that still thrives in Britain and Europe, may have done no good, but that was the worst charge lodged against it. Homeopathy did not kill people, as orthodox medicine did. The homeopaths actu-

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ally followed the Hippocratic injunction "First, do not harm" and refused to worship abstract Science. As a result, the clergy—an important interest group in 19th-century America—sympathized with them. As the president of the New York State Medical Society noted in 1844, "We feel severely the influence of the clergy as operating against our collective interest." One prominent pastor, for example, had called the medical establishment "an expensive vampire upon society."

How the "regulars" came to crush the homeopaths and other competitors, and penalize patients in the process, is a story of deception and manipulation, of industry self-interest and state power. The organized regulars or allopaths first set out to demonstrate that the homeopaths were ill-educated and therefore should be shunned, but that was difficult to substantiate because most of them were converts from orthodox medicine.

In law, a profession with much freer entry, some lawyers get rich, others make middle incomes, and others have to go into another line of work. But thanks to almost a century and a half of AMA statism, even terrible doctors get lavish incomes.

One was William H. Holcomb. When he graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, he worried, as he wrote in his memoirs, that physicians "were blind men, striking in the dark at the disease or the patient—lucky if [we] killed the malady [instead of] the man." One day Holcombe was called by the parents of a seriously ill child, whom Holcombe subsequently set about to bleed. Bloodletting was considered especially important for children, and the younger the child, the more blood was to be drawn. But the mother clutched the baby to her breast and cried, "The blood is the life—it shall not be taken away." When the benighted father agreed, Holcombe "explained to him candidly, and with some display of professional dignity, that my opinion was worth more than his or his wife's."

Holcombe left and returned the next day, expecting to find a dead baby. Instead, the child—who had been treated by a homeopath—was playing in the yard. Holcombe later wrote that "after having blistered, bled, and drugged my patients for twenty-seven years, I determined to find some more humane mode." He was charged with violating "medical ethics," whose first principle was: "A physician . . . should cautiously guard against whatever may injure the general respectability of his profession."

Eventually, homeopathy became almost as popular as allopathy, especially in the Northeast and Midwest. Many business leaders favored it and funded free dispensaries for the poor. This was made possible by the free market. From the early part of the century until 1850, state laws interfering in medical practice were gradually repealed. The AMA was founded to reverse the trend.

New York, for example, got rid of nearly all of its criminal legislation regarding medicine, forbidding only malpractice and immoral conduct by physicians. As one state senator said, "The people of this state have been bled long enough in their bodies and pockets." He called on them to demand medical freedom, in the tradition of "the men of the Revolution."

Most Americans were interested in nonorthodox treatments and believed they should be allowed to compete in the marketplace. Organized medicine claimed people were being fooled. But as Harris Livermore Coulter explains in his extraordinary 1969 study of the AMA's founding, "People were deserting orthodox medicine . . . not out of ignorance, but out of knowledge of regular practice and consequent dislike of it."

An 1848 AMA convention speaker laughed at the "mass of the community" who thought there was "a wide difference" between a physician's "Apothecary Medicine and our native medical plants." The first "they regard as almost uniformly poisonous—the other, as harmless and healthful." He called this "an absurd idea," although virtually none of the official treatments of the time is still in use and many drugs from our "native medical plants" have proven to be effective.

Worse than absurd was the effect on doctors' incomes. "Quackery [i.e., unofficial treatments by unofficial practitioners] occasions a large pecuniary loss to us," lamented an 1846 editorial in the *New York Journal of Medicine*. Quacks "too frequently triumph and grow rich, where wiser and better men scarcely escape starvation." To the medical dean at the University of Michigan, the specter of free competition was a "discouragement" to "graduates in scientific medicine," rendering their work "arduous and unremunerative."

In the golden age, "the doctor could tell his patient" anything, including, "'gape, sinner, and swallow,'" wrote J.H. Nutting in 1853. Then, with his "grave look of profound wisdom," the doctor had a "reputation for almost superhuman skill." Doctors, wrote the journal of the Massachusetts Medical Society in 1848, should be "looked upon by the mass of mankind with a veneration almost superstitious." Instead, there was public contempt.

A Michigan physician reported that the profession had "fallen so low that there are few to do it reverence. Quackery and empiricism in diverse forms like the locusts and lice of Egypt, swarm over our state and are eating out the very vitals and sucking the life blood" of doctors, some of whom said they were denounced on the street for bumping off their patients.

Organized physicians argued that popular reputation meant nothing. In fact, claimed the journals, a good standing in the profession usually meant a bad one with the public. At the same time there was the complaint—echoed by cartelizers to this day—that there were simply too many doctors. "The profession" is "crowded," argued one journal, with "unworthy and ignorant men" who ought to be prohibited from practicing. The regulars also villified their opponents with such works as Oliver Wendell Holmes' *Homeopathy and Its Kindred Delusions* (1842).

In 1849, the AMA worried that simply outlawing competition would not override the public's perversity. The only long-term "remedy against Quackery, is medical Reform, by which a higher standard of medical education shall be secured." As part of this drive, homeopathic physicians were expelled from state and local medical societies, even if they were trained in of-

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ficial schools. The AMA claimed that the public did not know what was good for it and that the medical establishment must have total control.

The organization knew it needed more than persuasion to secure a monopoly, so it also called for a national bureau of medicine to oversee state licensing and other regulations. In those limited-government days, however, the idea went nowhere. But in the statist Progressive Era after the turn of the century, anticompetitive measures became respectable, and the AMA renewed its drive for a cartel, spurred on by the popularity of self-medication and the increasing number of medical schools and doctors. (In 1902, an AMA study decried the competition that had lowered physicians' incomes.)

The number of medical schools had increased from 90 in 1880 to 154 in 1903. As an official AMA history by James Gordon Burrow puts it, the "frightening competition" showed a need for "education reform," i.e., cartelization. The state legislatures showed little interest in more restrictionist laws, so the AMA appointed the secretary of the Kentucky State Board of Health to rouse the profession to lobby.

Joseph N. McCormack spent a decade in agitprop among the doctors of more than 2,000 cities and towns, inspiring them with such speeches as "The Danger to the Public From an Unorganized and Underpaid Medical Profession." Like medical ethicists before and since, he denounced advertising (letting customers know services and prices in advance) and quackery (unapproved competition). Join our union, he said, and we will raise your pay. By 1910, about 70,000 doctors belonged to the AMA, an eight-fold increase over the previous decade.

To help bring about a higher-paid profession, the AMA in 1904 created the Council on Medical Education, which sought to shut down more than half the existing medical schools by rating them on a scale of A to C. In cooperation with state medical boards composed of what Arthur Dean Bevan, head of the council, called the "right sort of men," the AMA succeeded in cutting the number of schools to 131 by 1910, from a high of 166.

Then the council's secretary N.P. Colwell helped plan (and some say write) the famous 1910 report by Abraham Flexner. Flexner, the owner of a bankrupt prep school, had the good fortune to have a brother, Simon, who was director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. At his brother's suggestion, Abraham Flexner was hired by the Rockefeller-allied Carnegie Foundation so that the report would not be seen as a Rockefeller initiative. And Carnegie, whose main goal was to "rationalize" higher education, that is, replace religion with science, saw the AMA cartelization drive as useful. Claiming to have investigated nearly every school in the country, Flexner rated them on suitability. Schools he praised received lush grants from the Rockefeller and associated foundations, and almost all the medical schools he condemned were shut down, especially the "commercial" institutions. AMA-dominated state medical boards ruled that in order to practice medicine, a doctor had to graduate from an approved school. Post-Flexner, a school could not be approved if it taught alternative therapies, didn't restrict the number of students, or made profits based on student fees.

Why the opposition to for-profit schools? If an institution were supported by student fees rather than philanthropic donations, it could be independent of the foundations. The Rockefeller family had invested heavily in allopathic drug companies and wanted doctors to use their products.

The *Flexner Report* was more than an attack on free competition funded by special interests. It was also a fraud. For example, Flexner claimed to have thoroughly investigated 69 schools in 90 days, and he sent prepublication copies of his report to the favored schools for their revisions. Homeopaths noted that his authority derived solely "from an unlimited access to the pocketbook of a millionaire." Homeopaths did not use synthetic drugs, of course. John E. Churchill, president of the Board of Education of New York, called the report a "menace to the freedom of teaching." Years later, Flexner admitted that he knew nothing about medical education. But he did not need to in order to serve his employers' purposes.

Flexner's attack, stepped up by the AMA's Council on Medical Education and its state medical boards, closed 25 schools in three years, with more over the years to come, and cut the number of students attending the remaining schools in half. All nonmainstream practitioners were targeted. For example, from the early part of the century, consumers preferred optometrists to ophthalmologists on grounds of both service and price. Yet the AMA derided the optometrists as quacks, and in every state, the AMA-dominated medical boards imposed restrictions on these and other "sectarian" practitioners when they could not outlaw them entirely.

Homeopathy still had a remnant of about 13,000 practitioners, supported by a fiercely loyal customer base, but decades of well-financed attacks had taken their toll. The battle-weary homeopaths eventually gave in, conceding major parts of their doctrine, but the AMA was not satisfied with anything less than total victory, and today, American homeopaths practice mostly underground.

With its monopoly, the AMA sought to fix prices. Early on, the AMA had come to the conclusion that it was "unethical" for the consumer to have any say over what he paid. Common prices were transmuted into professional "fees," and the AMA sought to make them uniform across the profession. Lowering fees and advertising them were the worst violations of medical ethics and were made illegal. When fees were raised across the board, as they frequently could be with decreased competition, it was done in secret.

But organized medicine still feared reporters. In Illinois in 1906, the publication of secret fee increases nearly incited public violence. The secretary of the Illinois Medical Society, N.L. Barker, admonished his fellow physicians to keep their higher "fee-bills" secret, "for the people will not appreciate what was intended for kindness and justice." To collect the higher fees, the AMA recommended that state-level medical societies develop formal systems. If a patient had not paid the full amount, especially out of dissatisfaction with the treatment, his name would go on a blacklist and he would be forbidden all future treatment by doctors until he had paid up and shut up.

The AMA, in its constant quest for higher incomes through lower competition, also battled churches and other charities that gave free medical care to the poor. Through lobbying, it attempted to stamp out what it called "indiscriminate medical charity." A model 1899 law in New York put the control of all free health care under a State Board of Charities dominated by the AMA. To diminish the amount of free care, the board imposed fines and even jail terms on anyone giving treatment

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without first getting the patient's address and checking on his financial status.

Then there was the problem of pharmacists selling drugs without a doctor's prescription. This was denounced as "therapeutic nihilism," and the American Pharmaceutical Association, controlled by the AMA, tried to stamp out the low-cost, in-demand practice. In nearly every state, the AMA secured laws that made it illegal for patients to seek treatment from a pharmacist. But still common were pharmacists who refilled prescriptions at customer request. The AMA lobbied to make this illegal, too, but most state legislatures wouldn't go along with this because of constituent pressure. The AMA got its way through the federal government, of course.

There were other threats that also had to be put down: "nostrums," treatments that did not require a visit to the doctor, and midwives, who had better results than doctors. Also a danger was "contracting out," a company practice of employing physicians to provide care for its workers. This was "unethical," said the AMA, and should be illegal. Fraternal organizations that contracted out for their members were put out of business with legislated price controls, and hospitals—whose accreditation the AMA controlled—were pressured to refuse admittance to patients of contracting-out doctors.

By the end of the Progressive Era, the orthodox profession as led by the AMA had triumphed over all of its competitors. Through the use of government power, it had come to control education, licensure, treatment, and price. Later it outcompeted fraternal medical insurance with the state-privileged and -subsidized Blue Cross and Blue Shield. The AMA-dominated Blues, in addition to other benefits, gave us the egalitarian notion of "community rating," under which everyone pays the same price no matter what his condition.

AMA control remains much the same, and as a result, even incompetent doctors are guaranteed high incomes. In law, a profession with much freer entry, some lawyers get rich, others make middle incomes, and others have to go into another line of work. But thanks to almost a century and a half of AMA statism, even terrible doctors get lavish incomes.

The monopoly also allows anti-customer practices to go unpunished. For example, doctors routinely schedule appointments too closely together so as to keep their waiting rooms full, for prestige and marketing reasons. With little competition, they can get away with it, and advertising on-time service would be "unethical." The next time you have to wait 45 minutes amid six-month-old *People* magazines, thank the AMA.

Now, if Hillary gets her way, licensing will become even more abusive. Her Health Security Act mandates racial quotas for medical students and faculties, as well as for practicing physicians in the health alliances. This is the wits' end of licensing, which began as an effort by the regulars to weed out the competition and will now force on us the spectacularly inept, scalpels in hand.

Real reform would remove the AMA's grip on the marketplace and subject the entire industry to competition. Until then, stock up on home medical books. c

Twelve-Stepping Towards Bethlehem

by Katherine McAlpine

Dysfunctional, abused or codependent?
Speak up with pride! Experts in sociology
(spotting a fruitful trend on the ascendent)
urge you to whine away without apology.
Forget old saws like "self-reliance," then,
and "dignity." Unleash your Inner Victim!
In this new world where every citizen
vies for the right to cry how fate has kicked him,
we honor, not the brightest and the best,
but those who claim they've been the most oppressed.

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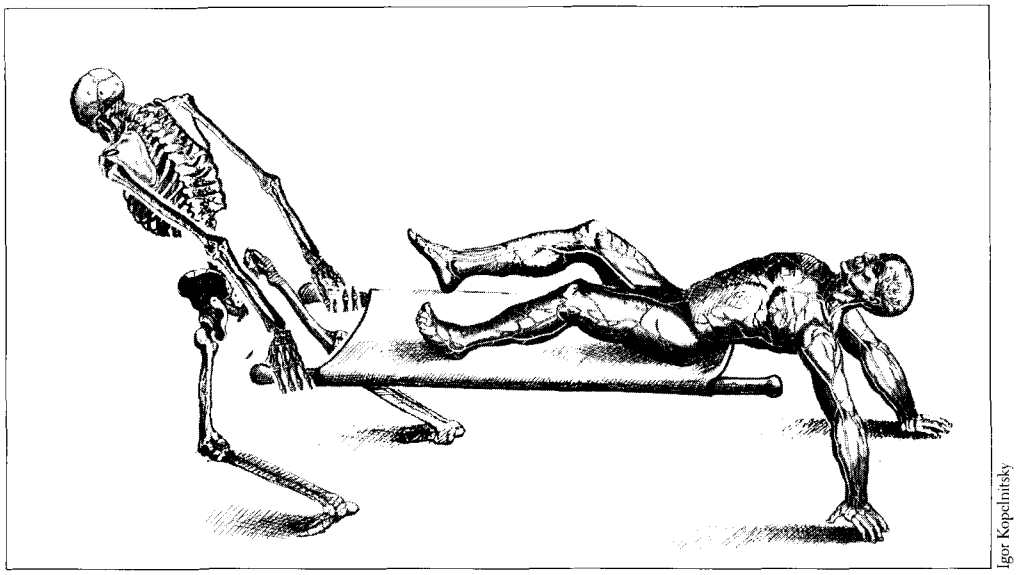
The Nightmare of Socialized Medicine

The Soviet Example

by Yuri N. Maltsev



Igor Kopelnitsky

Vladimir Lenin enacted universal, "cradle-to-grave" health coverage in the Soviet Union in 1918. The "right to health" was made one of the constitutional rights of all Soviet citizens; it ranked alongside the "right" to vacation, free dental care, housing, and a clean and safe environment. As in other fields, all services were to be planned and administered by a special ministry. The Ministry of Health, through its regional Directorates of Health, would administer medical and sanitary services to the entire population. The "official" vision of socialists was clean, clear, and simple—all needed services would be provided on an equal basis to everyone by the state-owned and state-managed health industry. The cost of all medical services was socialized through the central budget. Advocates of this system said that fully socialized health care would eliminate "waste" due to "unnecessary duplication and parallelism" (Marxist jargon for competition) and provide full cradle-to-grave health coverage nationwide.

Today, advocates of socialized medicine in the United States believe America is spending too much—about 14 percent of its GDP—on medical care. Russia, with its system of central planning basically intact, spends only 4.7 percent of its GDP on health care but over 25 percent on defense and 21 percent on running its highly inefficient government. By diminishing the cost of health care, especially by imposing caps or price controls on the health industry, the United States can achieve the same appalling results as in the former Soviet Union. Life expectancy in Russia is now 61 years for males and 67 for females, 13 years short of the average for American men and 12 short of American women. The child mortality rate in Russia (even without crack babies) is seven times higher than in the United States.

Widespread apathy and low quality of work have paralyzed the health care system as they have all other sectors of the Russian economy. Irresponsibility, expressed by the popular Russian saying, "They pretend they are paying us and we pretend we are working," has contributed to the appalling quality of "free" services, widespread corruption, and increased loss of life. According to official Russian estimates, 78 percent of all AIDS victims in Russia have contracted the virus through dirty needles or HIV-tainted blood in state-run hospitals. To receive even minimal attention by doctors and nurses, a patient is expected to pay bribes. I personally witnessed a "nonpaying" patient die while trying to reach a lavatory at the end of a long corridor after brain surgery. Under the Soviet system, anesthetics were usually "not available" for abortions, as well as for minor ear, nose, throat, and skin surgeries and were used as a means of extortion by unscrupulous medical bureaucrats. As a People's Deputy in the Moscow region from 1987 to 1989, I received plenty of complaints about criminal negligence and bribery involving medical apparatchiks, about drunk ambulance crews, and about food poisoning in hospitals and child-care facilities.

Understandably, government bureaucrats and Communist Party officials realized as soon as 1921—three years after Lenin's socialization of medicine—that an egalitarian system of health care was good only for their private interests as providers, managers, and rationers, but not for users of the system. In all countries with socialized medicine we observe this

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two-tier system—one for the "gray masses" and a different one for the bureaucrats and their intellectual servants. In the Soviet Union it was not uncommon to have workers and peasants dying in the state hospitals while the medicine and equipment that could have saved their lives sat idle in the institutions of the nomenclatura system.

Russia is obviously in the grip of a horrible health crisis. As Nick Eberstadt has pointed out, in the modern era—with "cheap food, clean water, mass education, rapid communication, easy travel, competent doctors, wonder drugs, and the like"—it is difficult to stay sick for a long time or to die young. Yet in Russia, it is easy to do so. In certain regions of Russia (Sakha, Karakalpakia, Kalmykia, etc.) life expectancy is 20 years less (49 for males and 56 for females) than in the United States. And in rural areas of the Russian Federation, the life expectancy of males is as low as 45 years due to widespread alcoholism and the absence of decent primary health care facilities (36 percent of all hospitals located in rural areas of Russia have neither running water nor sewage systems).

Decay and appalling quality of services are characteristic not only of 'barbarous' Russia and other Eastern European nations, but of other nations who suffer a government monopoly on health care. In England, for example, the waiting list for surgery is nearly 800,000 out of a population of 55 million.

The official infant mortality rate in Russia is more than 2.5 times as large as in the United States and more than five times that of Japan. This rate of 24.5 deaths per 1,000 live births was recently questioned by several deputies to the Russian parliament, who claimed that the real figure is twice as large. In the rural regions mentioned above, the infant mortality rate is close to 100 per 1,000 births, putting these regions in the same category as Angola, Chad, and Bangladesh.

Pollution is systemic and growing worse. Pollution is the most disastrous product of central planning, stemming in particular from the "ratchet principle" of constantly rising output. "It was no secret that on many occasions in the past 70 years, workers' health had been sacrificed to the needs of the economy—although the cost of treating the resulting diseases had eventually outweighed the supposed gains," stated Russian State Public Health Inspector E. Belyaev. The misuse and overuse of pesticides and fertilizers and the release of industrial waste and heavy metal solutions into the water supply present deadly threats to the population. The air in Moscow has twice the permitted amount (even by lousy Russian standards) of hydrocarbon pollutants; parts of the Volga River have 700 times too much petroleum; 68 big industrial cities have atmospheric pollution described as "critical." Two-thirds of Russian drinking water is now below minimum standards of purity. Man-made ecological disasters like the catastrophes at nuclear power stations near Chelyabinsk and Chernobyl, the literal liquidation of the Aral Sea, the serious contamination of the Volga, Azov Sea, and great Siberian rivers—all have made unbearable the quality of life in both the major cities and the countryside. According to Alexel Yablokov, Minister for Health and Environment of the Russian Federation, 20 percent of people live in "ecological disaster zones" and 35 to 40 percent more live in "ecologically unfavorable conditions."

In Russia today, influenza strikes tens of thousands of infants every year, and the proportion of children dying from pneumonia is on the increase. Rickets, caused by a lack of vitamin D and unknown in the rest of the modern world, kills many young people. Uterine damage is widespread, thanks to the 7.3 *abortions* the average Russian woman undergoes during childbearing years. Alcoholism is pandemic. In the beginning of the 1990's, per capita intake of alcohol in Russia was about three times as high as in the United States. As a sad result of socialist economizing, a Russian citizen compared to the average American has to work 25 to 30 times longer to buy meat, 18 to 20 times longer to buy poultry, 6 times longer for milk, 40 times longer for butter, 15 to 25 times longer for eggs, and 20 times longer for bread. "Families in Russia devote nearly the same proportion of their income to alcohol as American families devote to food. Soviet foremen mark their workers as sober if they can stand," says Eberstadt.

With the failure of *perestroika* and *glasnost*—the last attempt to save socialism—the government has finally admitted that it cannot guarantee even a minimal level of health care to its citizens. The situation has deteriorated so far that Russia has had to cut imports of vital medicines sharply, since there is no money left to pay for the supplies after feeding 4 million soldiers and 15 million government bureaucrats. The lessons from the Soviet experiment with socialized medicine are obvious: "We should all be thankful to the Soviets because they have proved conclusively that socialism doesn't work. No one can say they didn't have enough power or enough bureaucracy or enough planners or they didn't go far enough," says Paul Craig Roberts.

It is beyond the ability of economic analysis to calculate the opportunity cost of the socialist experiment in Russia, but the human toll is estimated by Russian historian Roy Medvedev at 41 million people who perished in a dreadful gulag during Stalin's collectivization, purges, campaigns against "unearned" incomes, and other devilish deeds. Even today, the agony of socialism takes a human toll. As a sad legacy of the socialist experiment, we observe a marked decline in the population of Russia, and experts predict a continuation of this trend through the end of the century. According to the Russian State Statistical Office as cited by ITAR-TASS last February, there were 1.4 million births and 2.2 million deaths in 1993. Only because of inward migration of Russians from "near abroad"—former Soviet "republics"—was the net decrease in population limited to 500,000.

"Despite the recent collapse of socialism and communism in Soviet Russia and Eastern Europe, socialism is still alive and growing," says Nobel laureate Gary Becker, meaning it still possesses a mortal danger to freedom, health, and quality of life for

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us and for the generations to come. Decay and appalling quality of services are characteristic not only of "barbarous" Russia and other Eastern European nations, but of other nations who suffer a government monopoly on health care. In England, for example, the waiting list for surgery is nearly 800,000 out of a population of 55 million. State-of-the-art equipment is nonexistent in most British hospitals. Only 10 percent of health care spending is derived from private sources. Britain was a pioneer in kidney dialysis technology, and yet the country has one of the lowest dialysis rates in the world. The Brookings Institution (very far from being a free market) found that 7,000 Britons in need of hip replacements, 4,000 to 20,000 in need of coronary bypass surgery, and 10,000 to 15,000 in need of cancer chemotherapy are denied medical attention in Britain each year.

Age discrimination is particularly apparent in all government-run or heavily regulated systems of health care. In Russia, patients over age 60 are considered worthless parasites and those over 70 are often denied even elementary forms of health care. In the United Kingdom, 55-year-olds were refused treatment at 35 percent of dialysis centers and 45 percent of 65-year-olds were denied any treatment; patients 75 or older rarely received any medical attention. In Canada, the population is divided into three age groups—below 45; 45-65; and over 65—in terms of access to health care. It is needless to say that the first group (let us call them "active taxpayers") enjoys priority treatment. Here in the United States, though a system of fully socialized medicine is not yet complete, we can already observe a "parallel" system of health care for bureaucrats. Referring to this system, Stuart Butler says: "Why reinvent the wheel? If a working health-care system already exists that's good enough for official Washington, why not use it as our model, improve upon it and let the rest of America enjoy the same kind of program as members of Congress and Clinton's White House staff."

"The characteristic feature of this age of destructive wars and social disintegration is the revolt against economics," stated Ludwig von Mises. The failure of socialism in Russia and the enormous suffering and hardship of the people of Eastern Europe should be clear signs of the inherent danger of increased statism.

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High Risk

by Dan Magnusson

(In Gratitude: Crusader Clinic and Dr. Carla Ortique)

In the light of the Scanner,

ours, 20-25 times to follow our little girl,
such the Insuline flowing round and near
her hardening head

(it's where the lungs grow where the breath can catch
in these final days
moving toward all of our deliverance),

the necessity that she wakes,

the brisk, little kick into the quiet air
to raise the writing on the graph,

another heartache into our normal pain again.

When she doesn't wake
I take my father's hands across the mother's waist
caressing carefully, murmur, growl,
talk (I am already bonded), to my little girl
who kicks into the loveliness air of all
until she's finally born . . . ,

and the nurses nod, rather used to this.

Rather tired of the kicking inside my wife,
I want my child in my arms, my sight!

Pamela has become more beautiful
than even I could make her
if I was into the ordinary cosmetics
which seem the whole world now.

There's a War-God underfoot,
hysteria is preening in a darkening mirror.

We've a sense of starving as if we're never full,
the normal laws of fullness, strangely lost . . .
Our historical choir does not sing preserving Kings!
Freedom and Democracy no longer abortable twins!

For myself I shall soon wipe an innocent tear
from another kind of mirror,
prepare to hug another child
into another kind, and kinder consciousness.

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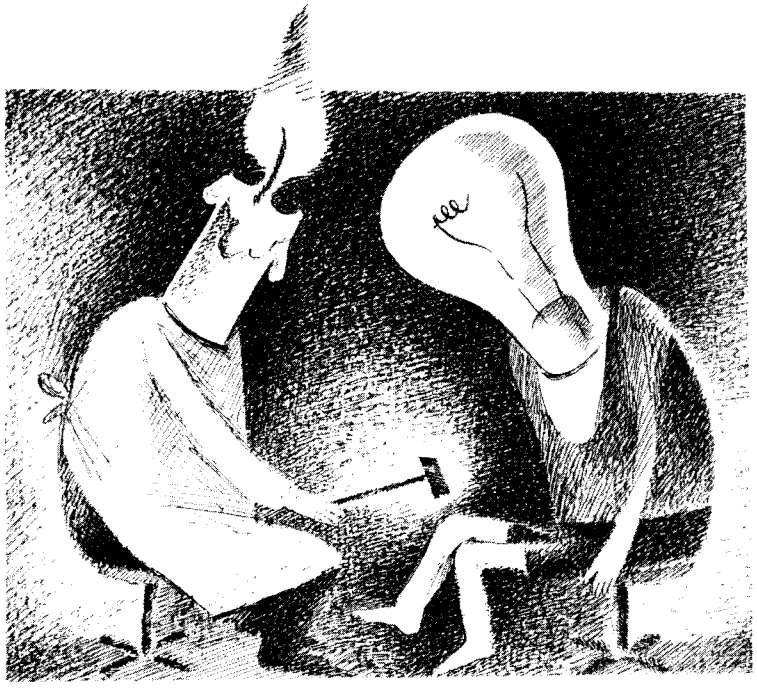
The Clinton Diagnosis

by Thomas M. Wilson



Igor Kopelnitsky

For more than two decades, critics of the American health care system have been unrelenting in their charge that it is a singular failure and manifestly unfair. We are told that millions of our fellow citizens have no access to basic medical services and that our very survival as a nation is threatened by the costs of treating those who do receive care.

If this sounds a bit melodramatic or hyperbolic, listen to the Clinton diagnosis of what ails us. Before a joint session of Congress last September, the President said, "Millions of Americans are just a pink slip away from losing their health insurance, and one serious illness away from losing all their savings. Millions more are locked into the jobs they have now just because they or someone in their family has been sick and they have a preexisting condition. And on any given day, over 37 million Americans—most of them working people and their little children—have no health insurance at all."

President Clinton's assessment of the cost of health care was equally grim. He said we are now spending so much money on health care that large businesses are finding it difficult to compete globally, small businesses are unable to invest, and even our living standards are at stake. If health care costs continue to "devour" the budget, Clinton told Congress, "Pretty soon all of you or the people who succeed you will be showing up here and writing our checks for health care and interest on the debt and worrying about whether we've got enough defense, and that will be it."

By January, a grave situation had apparently deteriorated. In his State of the Union Address, Clinton turned on those questioning the severity of the crisis, saying: "Tell it to the 58 million Americans who have no coverage at all for some time each year. Tell it to the 81 million Americans with those preexisting conditions." Even though he had upped the estimate of the number of uninsured by some 21 million people only a year after becoming President and four months after saying it was 37 million, hardly an eyebrow was raised.

Since the Clinton prescription is based on *his* analysis of the problem, the accuracy of the latter is fundamental to the debate. Until recently, few dissenting voices have been heard. Republican leaders have never really questioned the alleged facts or many of the underlying assumptions of the health care policy "debate." Consequently, they have been reduced largely to putting forth their "alternative" plans, none of which has much appeal to the public and none of which has the proverbial snowball's chance in Congress. Who remembers the Bush health care plan of 1992?

Those who are able to define the health care "crisis," explain its causes, and recommend a solution clearly have the advantage from the outset. This is what Clinton has been able to do. Bill Clinton and other advocates of compulsory national health insurance have been very skillful in using statistics and "factoids" to support their case. Take, for example, the oft-repeated claim that there are 37 million Americans without health care insurance who therefore have no "access" to the health care system. Both components of this claim are misleading.

The figure of 37 million uninsured Americans is an estimate made by the Bureau of the Census. When the advocates of national health insurance use a figure of 37 million uninsured (or even 58 million), the impression they leave is that of a huge

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group of mostly poor people, enough to comprise a large state, desperate and unable to obtain basic medical care. In fact, the Bureau of the Census estimates are an average in a given month. A 1992 report put out by the bureau estimated that in 1987 only about 16 million people were without insurance for all of 1987. Now this is still a large figure, but it is not as shocking as Clinton would have us believe.

Moreover, health insurance status is constantly changing, and the uninsured population is not always the same group of people. Most spells of uninsurance last only a few months, and most of the uninsured are young and generally healthy. Many of them are not destitute and could even afford insurance if they wanted it. According to *Congressional Quarterly*, about 10 percent of the "uninsured in 1991—nearly 4 million people—had family incomes in excess of $50,000 a year."

Clinton and other supporters of compulsory national health insurance convey the impression that the uninsured have no "access" to health care and that therefore our health care system is "broken." In fact, the uninsured—even illegal aliens—do have "access" to health care, albeit in inefficient ways. The problem is that they do not have someone else to pay for their care. Federal law requires that all hospitals provide screening and treatment "if any individual . . . comes to the emergency department and a request is made on the individual's behalf for examination or treatment of a medical condition." This is not a desirable process for either hospital or patient. According to the Health Care Financing Administration, uncompensated care provided by hospitals totaled $17.8 billion in 1990. Adjusted to reflect actual losses rather than total unpaid charges, however, the figure was $11.7 billion, or about six percent of net patient revenue. Once again, this is a problem that needs correcting but not at the price set by Clinton.

The amount of money the United States spends on health care is another indicator, according to the critics, that something is terribly wrong. The two most important measures are aggregate spending and spending as a percent of Gross Domestic Product. Clinton and others see in these data portents of doom. They see signs that costs are "skyrocketing" and that the system is "collapsing." Moreover, they believe that health care spending inhibits us from spending more on socially useful enterprises.

It is true that the United States spends more money in the aggregate and as a percent of GDP on health care than any other country in the world. This does not mean that we have the "costliest and most wasteful system on the face of the Earth," as Clinton charged in September, or that we are facing a national calamity, as the President has also indicated. We do spend a great deal of money on health care in the United States, but we do so partly because we have been fortunate enough to be a wealthy society. We can afford (or were once able to afford) to build and staff the finest hospitals and medical schools in the world; to conduct half of the medical and pharmaceutical research in the world; to save the lives of premature infants weighing barely more than a pound; to keep alive victims of accidents, kidney disease, or cancer who would die in poorer or more "efficient" countries.

Health care spending in the United States is also driven by forces beyond the health care system itself, and probably beyond control of the government. These include an expanding definition of what health means, the effects of criminal violence, and the medical costs associated with divorce, illegitimacy, drug use, and sexual behavior. A large, but immeasurable, portion of health care expenditures in the United States is the result of the cultural revolution and transformation of values that began in the 1960's.

So, if it is true that the United States spends more money on health care than other countries, what of it? Among the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD) nations, Turkey spends the smallest percent of GDP on health care. Does this mean that Turkey is doing a better job than the United States? Such a conclusion would be ludicrous. Why, then, does the fact that the United States spends a higher percentage of its GDP on health care than other nations mean that our health care system is one of the worst "on the face of the Earth," according to Clinton and other critics? There is no "correct" amount to spend. How much we do spend is a choice we make, just like any other.

Although we spend a great deal of money on health care in this country, we receive much in terms of quality and convenience. Americans do not have to wait months or years for routine services or a hospital bed, as is the case in Canada or Great Britain. Moreover, we pay our health care workers and professionals well and receive high quality care in return. Since health services are labor intensive, it is inevitable that tight spending controls will translate into lower wages and fewer jobs in the health services sector of the economy. How this will benefit us, Clinton has not explained. When you get down to the nitty-gritty of how national health care systems achieve "savings," it is through skimping on wages and quality. This is how it will eventually be done in the United States if Washington gains complete control of health care.

Clinton (as well as Congress) has no intention of confronting the issue of public spending on health care. This would mean tackling entitlements, something no one wants to do. The Clinton 'solution,' then, is to make health care an entitlement for everybody.

In their diagnosis of health care spending, Clinton and others advocating his plan argue from another premise that is almost never examined. Essentially, the Clinton position is that health care is a social good of lesser value than other social goods. Repeatedly, Clinton and his supporters assert that if we were not "wasting" so much money on health care, we could be "investing" it in other social goods, especially education. Why is this premise valid? Where has it been shown to be the case? We already have one of the highest levels of spending per capita on public education in the world, and the result is medi-

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ocrity and metal detectors. Health care spending does not just "devour" our budget or threaten to wreck our economy. Health services are *part* of the economy. Health services are counted as part of our GDP.

None of this is meant to suggest that there are no problems with the amount of money we spend on health care or the ways in which we spend it. Clearly there are issues to confront, but a word of caution is in order. First, the use of expenditure data can be misleading. In the Fall 1993 issue of *Health Affairs*, economist Mark Pauly writes that expenditure data "do not measure true economic costs. They measure instead the level of *spending*, which is seriously deficient as a measure of (or even a relative proxy for) the cost the economy bears when medical care rather than other goods and services is produced." Hence, it is cost, or to be more precise, opportunity cost, about which we should be concerned. Here the news is not bad. In recent years the rising cost of medical services as measured by the Consumer Price Index (CPI) is beginning to abate. Private firms are beginning to gain some control over their health insurance costs.

In spite of this, advocates of compulsory national health insurance point with horror to the more than $800 billion we spend on health care, taking the position that the government must "do something." This sum, however, includes government *and* private spending. Public expenditures on health care are legitimately a public policy issue, but why are private expenditures? Why are private expenditures for health care any more of the government's business than how much money people spend on sporting events?

It is *government spending* that is the real issue. In 1991, the most recent year for published data, combined federal, state, and local government spending on health care was estimated at $330 billion by the Health Care Financing Administration. Medicare and Medicaid alone accounted for $216.7 billion. In 1991, government spending on health care approached 44 percent of total health expenditures. Furthermore, government spending is growing at a more rapid *rate* than private spending on health care.

Clinton (as well as Congress) has no intention of confronting the issue of public spending on health care. This would mean tackling entitlements, something no one wants to do. The Clinton "solution," then, is to make health care an entitlement for everybody—"health care that can never be taken away, health care that is always there." The entire American middle class would be made dependent on the welfare state in one fell swoop.

The Clinton plan before Congress should be seen for what it is—the most recent battle in the campaign to establish a compulsory national health insurance system in the United States. This campaign has been underway, with some exceptions, since the days of Teddy Roosevelt and the Progressives. The current battle might be the most important. At stake is the best health care system anyone has ever seen.

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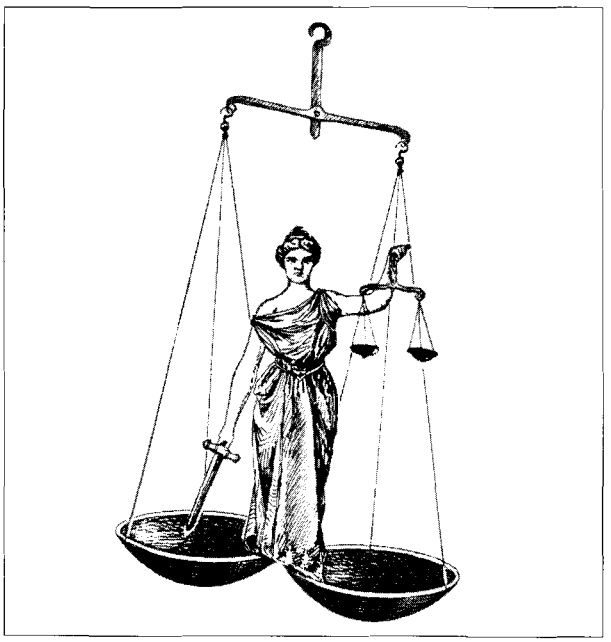
Five Votes

by Gregory J. Sullivan

"Much law, but little justice."
—Thomas Fuller



Igor Kopelnitsky

A Justice for All: William J. Brennan, Jr., and the Decisions That Transformed America
by Kim Isaac Eisler
New York: Simon & Schuster;
303 pp., $22.00

◆

"With five votes around here you can do anything," Justice William Brennan told his law clerks, thus summarizing the quintessence of Brennanism. That constitutional law is not something derived from the text, structure, and history of the various provisions of the Constitution but rather a creation of the arbitrary personal views of the Justices—this, for the past 30 years or so, has been the crux of Brennan's radical egalitarianism. Kim Isaac Eisler's biographical portrait, *A Justice for All*, though a very mediocre study of Brennan's political—it can hardly be called jurisprudential—thought, provides a good opportunity to examine the decisions that, as Eisler's subtitle states, transformed America.

Brennan had a conventional legal career following his graduation from Harvard Law School and prior to his appointment to New Jersey's state trial bench and subsequent elevation to the New Jersey Supreme Court (which was not then but has since become an appalling Brennanite tribunal). When Brennan arrived on the U.S. Supreme Court in 1956, he fell into the middle of the struggle between the conservative Felix Frankfurter and the liberal Hugo Black. Eisler's misunderstanding of Frankfurter is appalling. At one point he obtusely says: "Frankfurter in no way connected the role of being a 'justice' with the concept of 'justice.'" But Frankfurter understood his role perfectly. "I do not conceive that it is my function to decide cases on my notion of justice. If it were, I wouldn't be as confident as some others are that I knew exactly what justice required in a particular case." This is a concise statement of the doctrine of judicial restraint, whereby the jurist subordinates his personal sense of justice to the law of the Constitution. This view was soon to be overrun by the egregious activism of the Warren Court.

Black rather easily won the battle for Brennan's soul, but Brennan moved far beyond Black's simpleminded and selective constitutional literalism. Black, for all his flaws, attempted to root his views in the Constitution; Brennan, by contrast, virtually ceased bothering with the Constitution in any meaningful way. Moreover, Brennan moved quickly into the position of intellectual architect of the Warren Court's revolution, for Justice William Douglas was too contentious and Warren himself was not by any means a legal scholar—he was, to use the accurate if uncharitable phrase of Judge Learned Hand, a "big dumb Swede." Eisler concentrates on a handful of opinions that Brennan either wrote or helped to shape, and they provide outstanding instances of unfettered judicial power in crucial areas of the law.

Reapportionment. In *Baker* v. *Carr* (1962), Brennan created a new political order with this watershed apportionment

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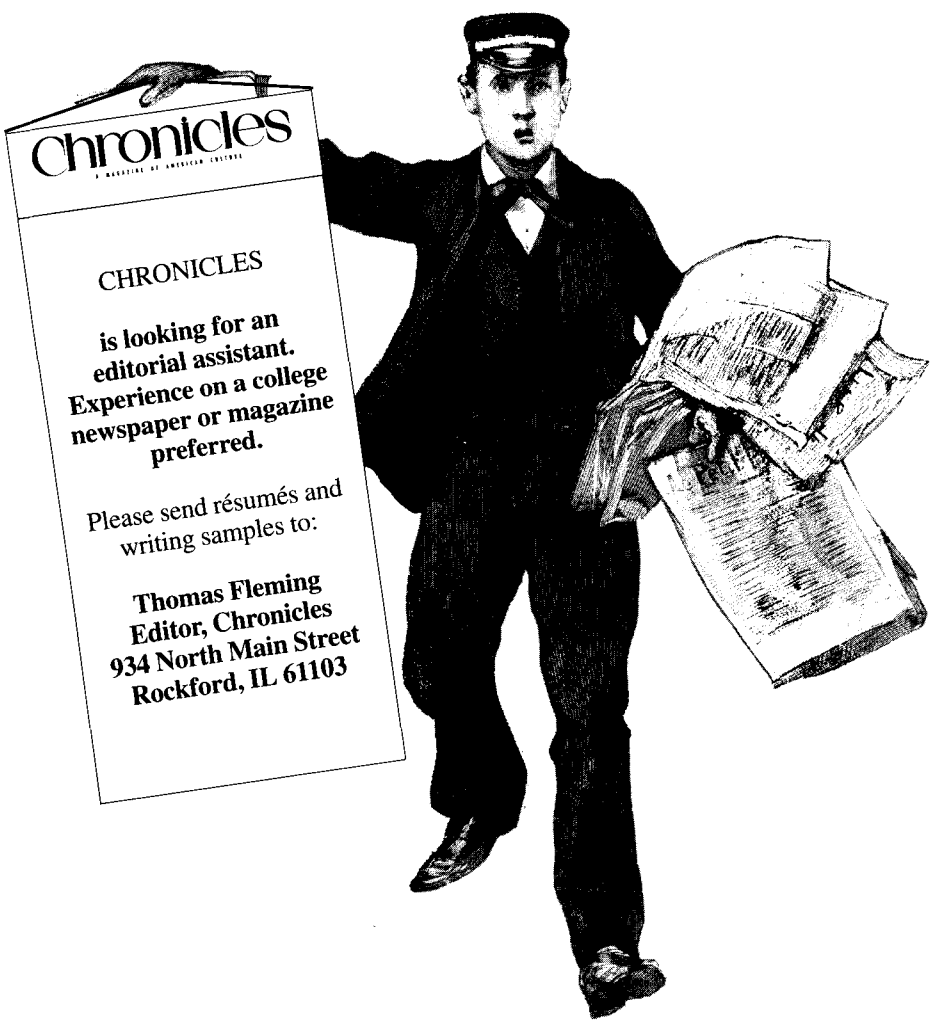
decision. Theretofore, state legislative apportionment had been treated by the Court as a nonjusticiable political question. Brennan, however, brought it into the adjudicatory ambit by removing it from the Guaranty Clause and declaring it an equal-protection issue, thereby assuring the ultimate outcome in a subsequent case: one man, one vote. In a penetrating dissent, Frankfurter denounced this remarkable arrogation of power: "There is not under our Constitution a judicial remedy for every political mischief, for every undesirable exercise of legislative power. The Framers carefully and with deliberate forethought refused to enthrone the judiciary. In this situation, as in others of like nature, appeal for relief does not belong here. Appeal must be to an informed, civically militant electorate." He added: "The notion that representation proportioned to the geographic spread of population is so universally accepted as a necessary element of equality . . . that it must be taken to be the standard of a political equality preserved by the Fourteenth Amendment . . . is, to put it bluntly, not true." This type of rigorous textual and historical argument mattered little to a Court on the long march to electoral utopia.

Substantive Due Process. In *Griswold* v. *Connecticut* (1965), the Court struck down a Connecticut statute that criminalized the sale of contraceptives and their use by married couples; in order to reach this conclusion, it created a "right to privacy" from the "penumbras" and "emanations" of the Bill of Rights. The author of this sloppy nonsense was Douglas, but Eisler makes it clear that it was Brennan who masterminded the radical core of the opinion: "Brennan's arguments persuaded Douglas to change his rationale. As a result, the Court stated for the first time that the American citizen had a 'right to privacy.' And it was that Brennan-formulated principle which would ultimately flower into an even more controversial and contentious issue—a woman's right to an abortion." Indeed, in *Roe* v. *Wade* (1973), Justice Blackmun initially drafted a narrow opinion on the subject of abortion; it was Brennan who pushed for and secured the most sweeping abortion law in the Western world. Moreover, Brennan had set the tenor for *Roe* with his opinion in *Eisenstadt* v. *Baird* (1972). This case proved to be an important link between *Griswold* and *Roe*, inasmuch as it involved the extension of the right of contraception to the population generally, regardless of marital status. Brennan recklessly noted that "if the right of privacy means anything, it is that right of the *individual*, married or single, to be free from unwarranted government intrusion into matters so fundamentally affecting a person as the decision whether to bear or beget a child." The framework, then, was set; abortion simply had to be placed within it by the case that rivals *Dred Scott* in infamy.

Affirmative Action. In *Board of Regents of the University of California* v. *Bakke* (1977), Justice Lewis Powell wrote an opinion that would have eliminated race as a factor in university admissions. Brennan, however, ever the adroit behind-the-scenes politician, convinced Powell to reconsider. Professor Bernard Schwartz concisely comments on the outcome: "If not for Brennan, indeed, it is probable that the Burger Court would have ruled all racial preferences unconstitutional. He saw the opportunity to change the Powell unqualified vote against the Davis [the medical school that had refused Bakke admission] special admissions program to one that reversed the lower court's refusal to allow race to be considered." Brennan, in his separate opinion in *Bakke*, wrote: "Government may take race into account when it acts not to demean or insult any racial group, but to remedy disadvantages cast on minorities by past racial prejudice." Of course affirmative action—which invariably translates into quotas—demeans and insults the group it purports to help. After all, if you can make it on your own, then why do you need help? In *Johnson* v. *Transportation Agency, Santa Clara County* (1987), Brennan again demonstrated his zeal for divisive affirmative-action plans, even at the expense of coherent statutory construction. *Johnson* involved a county program that favored women in promotions because of their sex; there was no evidence of past discrimination. This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plan was upheld by Brennan in direct contradiction of the explicit language of Title VII, the antidiscrimination provision of the Civil Rights Act of 1964. As Justice Scalia noted in his astute dissent: "In fact, the only losers in the process are the Johnsons of the country [Johnson was the man who, though more qualified, was passed over in favor of a woman], for whom Title VII has been not merely repealed but actually inverted. The irony is that these individuals—predominantly unknown, unaffluent, unorganized—suffer this injustice at the hands of a Court fond of thinking itself the champion of the politically impotent."

Crime and Punishment. Brennan was an enthusiastic participant in the revolution in criminal procedure that is typified by *Miranda* v. *Arizona* (1966), where the Warren Court's obsession with and invocation of the "human dignity" of the criminal class (somehow the dignity of crime victims failed to have an impact on the Court's thinking) led it, in case after case, to place the most preposterous restrictions on police and prosecutors. The result was predictable: time and again the jailhouse door was thrown open to release criminals on trivial technicalities. Additionally, Brennan worked relentlessly to have the death penalty declared unconstitutional, notwithstanding the fact that the Constitution itself explicitly presumes its validity. The basis for Brennan's concern was again human dignity, but the human dignity of the convicted—not the victim whose human dignity is vindicated by the penalty of death. This point goes to the central problem with Brennan's approach; as Robert Bork has noted, even "if there were a human dignity clause in the Constitution of the sort Justice Brennan would import, it would not necessarily give the results he wants. A Justice of different temperament could as easily dwell upon the human dignity of the murderer's victim as upon the dignity of the murderer. . . . What concepts such as 'dignity' and 'privacy' mean in application depends entirely upon the sentiments of each judge."

Sex and Law. This ongoing phase of the revolution involves the eradication of any and all sexual distinctions—no matter how reasonable—in the law. This ideological assault gained considerable momentum in *Frontiero* v. *Richardson* (1973). In this case (a discussion of which Eisler omits), Brennan struck down federal statutes that distributed military benefits on the basis of sex. In language that perfectly captures the reductive and feverish quality of the feminist legal mind, he wrote: "There can be no doubt that our Nation has had a long and unfortunate history of sex discrimination. Traditionally, such discrimination was rationalized by an attitude of 'romantic paternalism' which, in practical effect, put women, not on a pedestal, but in a cage." This part of the revolution is ongoing because Justice Ginsburg participated in this case on behalf of the American Civil Liberties Union. In other words, the sort of abrasive, stupid language that appeared in *Frontiero* will doubtless be seen with increasing—and depressing—regularity in the opinions of the Court.

"This isn't bad constitutional law," Edwin Meese once commented. "It isn't constitutional law at all." The cases discussed above, furthermore, are only a mere sampling, highlights from the revolution. Alas, Eisler's book is silent on the intellectual sources of this revolution. Brennan, for example, was very close to Judge David Bazelon, who can only be described as a kind of extreme version of Brennan. Who influenced whom? What books shaped Brennan's thinking? (Eisler does mention Brennan reading St. Thomas Aquinas; one finds it, to say the least, difficult to describe Brennan's work as Thomistic.) This information would have been helpful in a biography, particularly when the subject has made his name by thinking and writing about the law.

As to the question of Brennan's judicial legacy, it can only be described as pernicious. The decisions he wrote or significantly influenced have fundamentally changed the way we live. Indeed, it is certainly not going too far to say that they are one of the main reasons that we have become a culture obsessed with rights. And Brennan, more than any other Justice, is responsible for transforming the Supreme Court from a constitutional arbiter into a lawless "bevy of Platonic Guardians" (again, Learned Hand's phrase) and for transmogrifying the Constitution from a document of ordered liberty into an instrument for continuous egalitarian revolution. What is especially distressing is how firmly Brennan's influence has been entrenched in both the judiciary and the legal academy. Aside from the occasional dissent by Justices Rehnquist, Scalia, or Thomas, or a law-review article by, say, Lino Graglia, very little is written in opposition to what is now an oppressive constitutional orthodoxy. ☆

Reflections on Presidential Sex Preferences

by Katherine McAlpine

Though some wish they could put Hillary
in a pillory,
one shudders and cowers
to think we could have wound up with Gennifer Flowers.

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A Documented Life

by Frank Brownlow

Curriculum Vitae
by Muriel Spark
Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 213 pp., $22.95

◆

Muriel Spark (1992 winner of the Ingersoll Foundation's T.S. Eliot Award) is a prolific writer with some 19 novels to her credit as well as volumes of poetry, short stories, criticism, and biography. Yet she was a surprisingly late starter. She was nearly 40 when her first novel, *The Comforters*, appeared, its theme provided by a period of personal crisis to which she has returned more than once in her later books. This memoir, apparently a first volume, brings her life story up to the moment when *The Comforters* was published and, as she writes, "Everything changed."

It is a story of fair beginnings and ghastly mistakes, of misdirection and driving ambition culminating as it might have seemed at the time in breakdown and collapse, but then transformed by a providential confluence of forces into a new life and a long, successful career—not that Mrs. Spark, never the most straightforward of narrators, tells it that way. Instead, as she writes in her introduction, she has been seriously irritated from time to time by fanciful, sometimes fantastic accounts of her life, and the purpose of her book is to correct them, settling some scores in the process. "I determined," she declares on her first page, "to write nothing that cannot be supported by documentary evidence or by eyewitnesses." And it turns out that she is the owner of an enormous personal archive enabling her to do just that. It dates back to 1949, when she decided to preserve just about everything that concerned herself on paper: checkbooks, accounts, appointment books, notes, correspondence—the lot.

When she made that unusual, even eccentric, decision, she was emerging from a period of bruising employment as general secretary and editor to the Poetry Society of London, a coven of freaks, as she presents them, whose behavior evidently convinced her that for the rest of her life she had better have everything in writing. As Mrs. Spark's readers know, her novels tend, almost obsessively, to be about the accumulation and use of knowledge about other people. Approached in that context, the existence of this massive engine of retaliation against trespassers on her life story is as fantastic as anything in the novels themselves.

Under the title *Curriculum Vitae*, then, backed by her archive and her old friends, Mrs. Spark presents the facts of her life and leaves the perception of its underlying plot or fable, if there is one, to her reader. The book falls into two parts that one can think of as Innocence and Experience. In the first part she is born Muriel Camberg in Edinburgh in 1918 to a fairly poor but close and happy family. Her father, Bernard, was a very nice, very good, utterly normal Scotsman, whose only peculiarity in that world was that he was Jewish. Muriel adored him; as she says, "He was no problem." Her mother, Cissy, was less predictable. She was an Englishwoman who disconcerted the young Muriel by speaking in an English accent and wearing nice things among the frumpy Presbyterians of Edinburgh.

Mrs. Spark tells the story of her Edinburgh childhood with an appealing mixture of love and candor, and her recollections of its sights, sounds, smells, and characters bring to mind a world that now seems nearly as remote as the Middle Ages. At the heart of her life in that world was the superb Scottish school that provided the original of Miss Jean Brodie. There Mrs. Spark was first encouraged to think of herself as a writer, and there she enjoyed her first successes. In fact, she won an Edinburgh schools' poetry prize, and, feeling "like the Dairy Queen of Lanark," was crowned Queen of Poetry, an aberration in local taste that her most admired teachers joined her in disapproving.

When she left school at 17, she could afford neither a university nor a secretarial school, so she enrolled herself in what sounds like a technical college to learn an economical, businesslike prose style. She did some school teaching in return for secretarial instruction and took a job in a smart shop on Princess Street. But she leaves this period of her life in some mystery. It ended dramatically when, aged 19 and against her parents' wishes, she went out to Rhodesia to marry a man some ten years older than herself. In Britain in 1937, this was an extraordinarily strong-headed thing to do. Writing over 50 years later, she still doesn't know why she did it. Certainly, wanting to leave Edinburgh and see the world, and thinking the man "interesting," hardly explains so violent an act.

The marriage was a disaster. When she found herself thousands of miles from home and friends with a young baby and a mentally unstable husband, she set about extricating herself with the same strong will one suspects got her into trouble in the first place. Since the only grounds for divorce were infidelity or desertion, she deserted her husband, no doubt spurred to act by a truly bizarre coincidence. She found herself in the same hotel as a former school friend and her husband; the husband shot the school friend. Seeing the parallel with her own situation, she "escaped for dear life," as she writes, and one believes her. Her African experience contributed to her troubles with the Poetry Society after the war, when Marie Stopes, of birth control fame, wrote an "outrageously impudent letter" inquiring about the circumstances of her divorce. (Marie Stopes, says Mrs. Spark, had lived with Oscar Wilde's old lover, Lord Alfred Douglas, "an arrangement which I imagine would satisfy any woman's longing for birth control.")

Eventually, despite wartime suspension of normal travel between Africa and Britain, she succeeded in making her way home. With great good luck she got a job with a secret branch of the Foreign Office, broadcasting what would now be called disinformation to the Germans. She is reticent about her contributions. Rumor reports that she invented the story about the officers' bomb blowing Hitler's pants off, but perhaps this is one of the fictions she would like to squash. When the war ended she set about making a career for herself in London.

In 1945 Mrs. Spark was a young, modestly educated divorcée from the provinces, without money, influence, or friends. Being heroically free of self-pity,

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she never mentions a fact that must strike anyone who knew that world: for someone in her situation to make a writing career in postwar London was so difficult as to be virtually impossible. She experienced some appalling times in the next 12 years, struggling to make a living on the fringes of the literary world, writing poems, essays, reviews, and biographies. Her experience with the Poetry Society seems to have been one of a number of traumatic encounters. She took up with some odd birds, including Derek Stanford, with whom she published a couple of books (he cashed in on their friendship by writing an offensive booklet about her and selling her letters to a shady dealer who later stole her earliest manuscripts). She was so poor that she just about starved, a process she compounded by taking appetite suppressants that eventually caused collapse and hallucinations.

Yet eventually she enjoyed the luck that seems to visit gifted people who work unremittingly. In 1954 she was received into the Catholic Church and by that means evidently acquired the friends who came to her rescue when she was overtaken by illness. Another friend seems to have passed her name to an enterprising young editor at Macmillan's, thus producing a commission for her first novel. Perhaps her most extraordinary stroke of luck occurred when Evelyn Waugh, "someone quite out of my orbit," who had also been turning hallucinations into a novel, saw her book in proof, praised it warmly, and reviewed it in the *Spectator*.

As one might expect from a woman who has amassed an archive to ward off uninformed gossip and hypothesis, Mrs. Spark maintains a strict control over the materials of her life. She likes to be the heroine of her stories, and she chooses carefully the stories she tells. In a way that strikes me as very Scottish, she is reticent about just the things her readers will be curious about: her religion, her art, and her private life. The result is a memoir that fairly begs to be read between the lines; yet it also tells unsentimentally, and with strict discipline and reserve, a genuinely heroic and romantic story. As one leaves this neat-minded, tough, intensely ambitious, and combative little Scotswoman in safe harbor with a new publisher, a cat, and a landlady who sounds like a fairy godmother, one has no doubt that she has earned the right to end her book with a sentence borrowed from another great, high-spirited artist: "I went on my way rejoicing."

And now we can look forward to her next volume.

Frank Brownlow is a professor of English at Mount Holyoke College. His most recent book is Shakespeare, Harsnett, and the Devils of Denham.

Discovering Japan

by Gregory McNamee

Pacific Rising
by Simon Winchester
New York: Simon & Schuster;
512 pp., $14.00

Learning to Bow: Inside the Heart of Japan
by Bruce S. Feiler
New York: Ticknor & Fields;
321 pp., $10.95

The Japanese Chronicles
by Nicholas Bouvier
San Francisco: Mercury House;
240 pp., $11.95

Following the Brush
by John Elder
Boston: Beacon Press;
176 pp., $12.00

Away on the western brink of the Pacific Rim lies a land so mysterious to most Americans that it might as well be mythical. There, according to popular understanding, thrives a breed of 122 million fantastically rich people who through black magic have siphoned off the wealth of the Western world. They need no sleep. They work 24-hour days the week long. They have mastered technologies we may never see. They replace their stereo systems and televisions once a year. They are the shortest and most dangerous people on earth.

The trouble with mysterious places is, of course, that most mysteries dissolve when someone bothers to look at them up close. In the case of Japan, closer looks are exactly what is most needed. The literature, from Ruth Benedict's bizarre (if useful) *The Chrysanthemum and the Sword* to James Clavell's potboiling novel *Shogun* and Michael Crichton's xenophobic thriller *Rising Sun*, is hopelessly fabulistic, part of a great disinformation campaign waged by both nations. For whatever reason, very few Americans have taken the trouble to look carefully at the land whose economy and industry is bound up with our own, whose future will inescapably shape ours. With the Atlantic century drawing to a close and the Pacific century just dawning, a better understanding of Japanese culture—and of the ideas that lie behind Japanese actions—is essential.

Four years ago, the Dutch journalist Karel van Wolferen gave interested readers a fine start at such an understanding; his *The Enigma of Japanese Power* is still the best book on Japan in recent literature. In it, Van Wolferen revealed a Japan alternately awed and disgusted by the world beyond its shores and governed by a puppet emperor in the service of the *zaikaijin*, a gerontocracy of businessmen (women do not figure in the scheme of Japanese power) who control the national economy and maintain an inflexible hierarchy that embraces every citizen from cradle to grave. Despite its present democratic facade, Van Wolferen argued, Japan's power structure was scarcely altered by the Second World War; while the state's religion remains Shintoism, its *de facto* ideology is an offshoot of the same Nichiren Buddhism that propelled the martial caste toward the conquest of Asia, a war that proceeds today by economic means.

Simon Winchester, a British journalist and longtime correspondent for the *Manchester Guardian*, continues Van Wolferen's alarum. In his *Pacific Rising*, Winchester argues that the Atlantic century is truly finished, basing his conclusion on such facts as: that since 1985 the Pacific powers have constituted our largest trading bloc, exceeding Europe by billions of dollars; that Los Angeles will soon become the world's busiest port, taking the lead from New York, while Rotterdam has given way to Hong Kong as the world's busiest container port; that Taiwan's economy is growing at a rate five times faster than Germany's and many more times faster than our own; and that while the United States has become the world's leading debtor nation, Japan is its leading creditor.

Though Winchester surveys the whole of the Pacific Rim, his gaze rests

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firmly on the Japanese islands. He is full of pointed lessons, some of which underscore the fact that Japan owes much of its success to America. The Datsun automobile, he reminds us, was originally designed by an expatriate American engineer, William Gorham. Douglas MacArthur gave the Japanese a constitution that freed them from the burdens of self-defense, eventually freeing vast sums of capital for other purposes. The Bank of America essentially revived Japan's postwar economy—an act of generosity that was remembered 40 years later, when a consortium of Japanese investors bailed the San Francisco institution out of a near-failure. And the United States continues to dominate much of the world's manufacturing and informational technologies.

Still, Japan stands as our formidable economic rival. Its practice of dumping steel on the American market, to name one instance, can only bring further damage to a weakened national industry; a steel town in western Pennsylvania was so devastated by the unfair competition that its McDonald's restaurant was the only one in the chain's history ever to close. Japan finances one-third of our national debt, meaning that billions and even trillions of dollars in interest will flow across the ocean in the years to come.

But there is no evil cabal at work, Winchester—disputing Karel van Wolferen—tells us; no latter-day yellow peril. Japan is a modern success and will shape the future economy of the world, including those of other Asian nations, because its people work hard, because they are willing to sacrifice, because its electorate is well-educated and forward-looking. Two salient facts speak to all these points: even in the face of recession, Japanese salaried workers save 16 percent of their take-home pay, against an American's 4 percent. And Japan graduates ten engineers for every lawyer; the ratio is exactly the reverse in the United States. Call it the Pacific century. Call it the Decline of the West. The game has moved to another court, and it will take something a little short of a miracle for the Occident to reclaim the title in our time.

Bruce Feiler is decidedly upbeat about Japan: his *Learning to Bow*, an account of his year as a high school teacher in a Japanese provincial school, takes the spirit of *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* against Pierre Boulle's and David Lean's *Bridge on the River Kwai*. Yet it, too, is a useful corrective of popular misapprehensions. Feiler may have come to the storied islands of Japan wide-eyed and mouth agape, as he cheerfully admits, but his months of living in the countryside (he later became a reporter for a Tokyo news agency) brought him to earth:

> Before coming to Japan, I had often heard that Japan is the wealthiest country in the world. I had read stories about toilets that talk and robots that answer the phone. . . . I half expected to find an island paradise overflowing with expensive cars, spiral escalators, and extravagant buildings that the Japanese already owned. But in Sano I found a world quite different from the polish and poshness of Tokyo and far closer to the disheveled tinroof towns I remembered from my childhood in the American South. . . . My apartment had no heating, no insulation, no hot water running in the sink, and no overhead lighting. My toilet had no seat. Still, my Japanese friends told me that I had the nicest apartment they had seen in town.

Feiler spent his days alternately trying to teach overregimented young Japanese in the freestyle manner of an American and trying to penetrate the minds of his colleagues and supervisors, who, at least by Feiler's lights, daily sent out mixed signals. In the end he could not, he admits, understand how the Japanese could make rigid distinctions between work and home, between colleague and friend; how a woman who had been rude to him the night before could be charming the next, how men who had soaked with him in a communal tub could be coldly rigid, clad in suits and seated behind their desks. I suspect that the author, however talented he may be (and *Learning to Bow* is a thoroughly well-written book), might have been less naive had he spent time in the American business world before going to Japan. It is axiomatic that the Japanese run every aspect of their society as a business, but men and women in gray flannel suits are not confined to far-off islands.

Feiler's may be a Japan of baseball and Beatles, of muddy lanes and tin roofs, but in the end it is also a Japan that aims to win. All of his students graduated from high school—nationwide the graduation rate is 95 percent, 30 points higher than America's. Their teachers open each day with a faculty meeting that ends with the entreaty *oneigaishimasu*: "Please do me the favor of working hard today." All of them, students and teachers alike, had made a pledge to their nation. No one dared break it. Few ever had, and their names are damned from memory.

Nicholas Bouvier is little known to American readers, but in his native Switzerland he is highly regarded as a travel writer. He is also knowledgeable in the workings of Japanese culture, a quick study who has lived in the country on and off over the last three decades. His ideal Japanese, it would seem, is Basho, the great 16th-century haiku poet whose trampings up and down the islands' rocky spines are celebrated in *The Narrow Road to the Far North*. Bouvier takes the hobo road a little less often, but his accounts of wandering to places like a brothel in Tokyo's Shinjuku district and remote Shinto temples along the southern coast of Hokkaido take on the meditative air of a monk errant:

> What can a person do in a park? Parks don't seem real to me. I am bored stiff, and then I remember the adage of Lao-Tzu: "The journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step." I start to jot down notes (thoughts without coherence, at the tip of a brush), the way the Japanese so willingly do—they have never believed in rigorous sequences nor in demonstrations to prove. . . .

Bouvier is especially good on revealing obscure elements of Japanese folk life; for instance, he explains that peaches are considered lucky in Japan because the creator god chased away monsters by hurling the fruit at them. (This small bit of information makes the second act of *Akira Kurosawa's Dreams* comprehensible.) He gathers proverbs, traditional remedies of the aboriginal Ainu, the occult choreography of the Noh theater, and folksongs, weaving them into an impressionistic, erratically organized narrative that reflects, in its own small way, the chaos that Japan presents to the foreigner. Karel van Wolferen is probably no fan, but other readers should take in Bouvier's book, both for its good nature

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and its many flashes of insight.

John Elder first came to Japan, like Bouvier, under Basho's influence. As a professor of both environmental studies and world literature, however, he also came to it in the hope of solving a riddle, at least to his own satisfaction: Why would a people who love nature as much as the Japanese do work so hard to destroy it? After reading as much as he could on Japanese culture and studying the language, Elder and his wife and three children settled in Kyoto, the ancient capital, to have a look at the place for themselves. Determined, like so many Westerners before him, to enter the Japanese mind by studying traditional arts under the tutelage of local masters, he became enthralled by the ancient game of Go (a martial metaphor played with stones), which took him farthest into what he takes to be the real spirit of Japan:

> Despite their formidable powers of analysis, even Go masters cannot comprehend the entire game in logical terms. They must also rely on their aesthetic faculties, responding to a configuration in one corner of the board with a stone in another corner like Constable used touches of red intuitively. Because of its challenges to the whole person, Go has traditionally been considered one of the four essential Zen arts of Japan, along with calligraphy, painting, and music.

Were the rest of *Following the Brush* so straightforward, John Elder might have greatly helped us to appreciate how a nation's arts shape its life (and vice versa). But there is too much of the enthusiast here, not enough of the hard-nosed observer. Elder is determined to emulate Japanese modes of prose, and his language will sound strange at many turns to American ears—not good, not bad, but strange. Elder does not quite come out and say it, but a game like Go, unlike its near neighbor chess, draws heavily on the irrational. Japan's flirtations with the dark side of the brain are what drove the kamikaze pilots of the Second World War, and they doubtless propel whalers and clear-cutters today as they hack and butcher their way across the globe. Too often Elder hints that so long as the work is beautiful, by no matter how warped an aesthetic standard, then (in Japan at least) anything is permissible.

But, Elder suggests more usefully, the Japanese approach environmental matters in miniature: with bonsai trees, rock gardens, and flower arrangements. Westerners, on the other hand, come to environmental issues with big ideas: let's save the earth. We may simply be talking past one another, East and West, and if our misunderstanding continues to overshadow our comprehension, it will be too bad.

Gregory McNamee's latest book is Gila: The Life of an American River *(Crown).*

Dead White Male Beyond the Pale

by J.O. Tate

Fire & Sword: Sorley Boy MacDonnell and the Rise of Clan Ian Mor, 1538-90
by J. Michael Hill
Fort Worth: The Aegis Press;
321 pp., $22.99

◆

This book is a powerful example of Faulkner's wisdom that the past isn't dead—it isn't even past. Mortar shells falling on Heathrow's runways, even when they fail to detonate, effectively remind us of the Troubles they are designed to remind us of by causing so much trouble. And they recall for us Joyce's Stephen, who saw history as a nightmare from which he was trying to awake. The laser-like focus of Professor Hill's book does not, despite its intense particularity, prevent us from broadly applying its vision as far afield as Sarajevo and Hebron. Nor does the darkness of the period Hill illumines altogether dim to our eyes the ambiguity of our inheritance—political, religious, military, ethnic, etc.—from the British Isles.

Sorley Boy MacDonnell was the leader of a Gaelic family descended from the lords of the Isles whose destiny it was to protect and expand his clan's position in Ulster during the days of Queen Elizabeth. He was a contemporary and rival of Shane O'Neill, the great rebel whose father Con had submitted to Henry VIII in 1542. The MacDonnells supported the pro-French Scots, including Mary, the doomed Queen—we are reminded that 6,000 French troops landed at Leith in 1548—and reinforced their Antrim holdings with redshanks from over the water. But because the Protestant Earl of Argyll was a brother-in-law to Sorley Boy as well as the controller of access to the redshank recruiting grounds in the West Highlands, the situation was always complicated. The English indeed had cause for sensitivity to the Irish "back door." During the Desmond Wars, 800 Italians sent by the Pope were besieged at Smerwick and massacred after their surrender (1579); there was a Spanish landing in the next year. One of Hill's emphases is the role of the MacDonnells of Antrim and Dunyveg in the conflict between London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, as well as in the enveloping Machiavellian religious and dynastic struggles in Europe.

Sorley Boy's first great victory was over the MacQuillans at Slieve-an-Aura (1559), where he and his hardy men mixed oatmeal and water in the heels of their boots and assured their domination of the Route and the Glynnes, though it would be many years before Sorley Boy, playing both ends against the middle, would attain his goal: recognition by Queen Elizabeth of his family's position in Ulster. MacDonnell pushed back O'Neill at Culrath (1564) but was defeated at Knockboy and Glentalsie the next year. Indeed, he was taken prisoner for two years. During that time, Shane O'Neill, ostensibly allied with the English, promised Charles IX the crown of Ireland in return for 5,000 French troops.

Shane O'Neill was defeated at Farsetmore (1567) by Hugh O'Donnell and subsequently killed during negotiations with the MacDonnells at Cashendun in an episode that Professor Hill has done much to clarify. Thereafter, Sorley Boy MacDonnell was free to restore the power of his clan without the powerful rivalry of Shane O'Neill, whose head adorned a pike outside Dublin Castle—but not without the stress of the welter of conflict and confusion of that time and place.

Policies of plantation and aggressiveness by the English were new Elizabethan priorities. Walter Devereux, the first Earl of Essex, double-crossed Sir Brian MacFelim O'Neill near Belfast and

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had him, his wife, and his brother butchered in Dublin. Essex then surprised the Clan Ian Mor's women and children, sheltered at Rathlin Island in 1575, and killed them all. But even so, Essex had not shaken Sorley Boy, who had to watch the massacre from the coastal cliffs. Sorley's victory near Carrickfergus showed the English that he still had to be dealt with. As Hill says, "He was characterized as a lawless freebooter, but Sorley, in truth, was an honorable man who sought redress outside English law only when forced to do so by Elizabeth's Irish lieutenants. He could be hard and merciless when dealing, say, with the MacQuillins of the Route, Shane O'Neill, or Essex. But for the most part, Sorley only reacted to aggressive policies designed to thwart his very reasonable goal of holding the Glynnes and the Route by royal patent."

Foiling the invasion of Sir John Perrott, Sorley Boy MacDonnell in 1586 achieved his goal: royal recognition of his family's position. But when he rode into Dublin, he saw the head of his son Alexander MacSorley gracing the walls of the castle. Such was the reward of a violent life. Later, the Antrim MacDonnells would play a role in Scotland, as Alasdair MacColla joined the marquis of Montrose to fight for the Royalist side in "the War of the Three Kingdoms"—the English Civil War. After that, the fate of all the players spiraled into the unforeseen establishment of modern politics.

From the contemporary angle, Sorley Boy MacDonnell can be seen as an obstreperous nonprogressive, but that is not the view of Professor Hill. Rather, he shows him as a defender of private interest, as a responsible head of an extended family, and as a skilled survivor in a treacherous world. "Though four centuries past, Sorley Boy MacDonnell's struggle reflected the same desire for local self-rule that we increasingly see in today's world. It was firmly grounded in the concept of private community—a tribal unity based on kinship (both blood and fictive), hierarchy, honor, and land. The MacDonnell family's primary nemesis was the Tudor state, the modern, formal, bureaucratic, and imperialistic nature of which was rooted in the contrary concept of public society." Thus Professor Hill relates his study of a slice of Scottish, Irish, and English history to our unfolding world, in which Leviathan looks more like the Clinton Cabinet than the Elizabethan Court.

Along the way, he documents the subtleties of the correspondence and the historiography in a most readable way. Once again, as in his *Celtic Warfare 1595-1763*, he has in effect extended the "Celtic thesis" of Forrest McDonald and Grady McWhiney backwards into that period which we can see, following Immanuel Wallerstein, as the coalescence of "the Modern World-System." The American Civil War thus seems a rehash of British conflicts, as Faulkner implied when he related Culloden to Shiloh—and as Alasdair MacColla reminds us of Ben McCulloch. Professor Hill has fortified our knowledge and fired our imagination—and you can't ask more from history than that.

J.O. Tate is a professor of English at Dowling College on Long Island.

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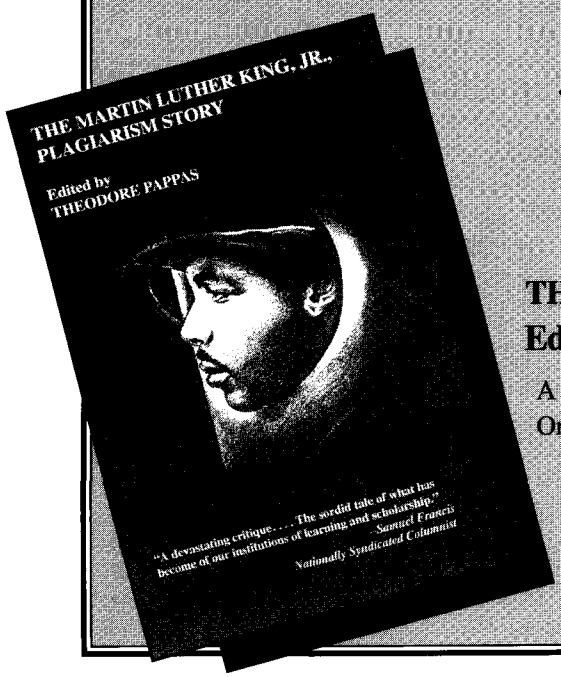
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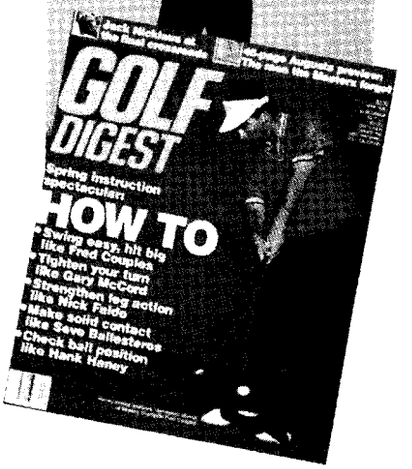
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Letter From Pittsburgh

by Ralph R. Reiland

The War on Medicine City

◆

The bad news for Pennsylvania's economy is that the Clinton health care plan takes direct aim at the state's two biggest employers—the health care sector and the restaurant industry. Pittsburgh's single largest private employer is the University of Pittsburgh Medical Center, a world leader in cancer research and transplant surgery with a staff of 12,000. Overall, one out of eight Pittsburgh jobs is now in health care. Pittsburgh "may always be known as Steel Town, but Medicine City would more accurately describe its economy today," said a recent *New York Times* article. It should be the Pittsburgh Medics, not the Pittsburgh Steelers. "No other metropolitan area," reported the *Times*, "has such a high proportion of health workers."

The job threat in the Clinton health care plan comes from its emphasis on preventive treatment and its shift away from expensive new medical technologies and specialties. Pittsburgh's organ transplants will take a back seat to home visits from para-nurses. And the D.C. budget-cutters aren't likely to fit Pittsburgh's hefty supply of hospital beds (about 3,000 of Pittsburgh's 10,600 hospital beds are vacant on any given night) into a health care scheme that relies heavily on outpatient care. "It's clear that the health care sector here will not be a major source of growth in the future if the Clinton plan goes through," says Judith R. Lave, a professor of health economics at the University of Pittsburgh.

With politicians running a health care system while also running for office, there's the danger that spending for a glittery new community project with a short-run bang will take political precedence over allocating funds to long-term cancer research. This politicizing of health care promises to kill jobs in the health care industry. Already, the class warfare rhetoric about medical profiteering that's coming out of the Oval Office has produced a free-fall in the stock prices of insurance companies and pharmaceutical firms and an increase in layoffs. "In all, fearful investors have yanked roughly $200 billion in equity from companies that supply drugs, medical equipment and medical insurance," reports syndicated columnist Tony Snow. "Cash strapped firms have had to fire upward of 60,000 employees and suspend research on everything from drugs that treat AIDS to optic lasers capable of killing cancer cells."

The bottom line is that a dynamic, productive health care sector is being dismantled by a President who charges drug manufacturers with extracting "profits at the expense of children." While the rest of the world is pulling away from radical egalitarianism, statism, and the failures of central control, President Clinton is calling for a National Health Care Board that would have the power to set "global budgets," price controls on insurance premiums, and guidelines for "reasonable" prescription drug prices. There's no evidence, of course, that the resulting socialized system will be any more efficient or successful than public housing, busing, welfare, government job training, public high schools, or the vast array of other well-intended government programs that have wasted billions of tax dollars and delivered primarily negative consequences.

After health care, Pennsylvania's second largest employer is the restaurant industry, with 275,000 full-time jobs and a plethora of part-timers. Here, the White House insistence on employer-provided health insurance is particularly destructive of jobs because restaurants are one of the most labor-intensive businesses in the economy. A full-time employee in a grocery store, for instance, contributes annually an average of $160,000 in sales to his company. A gas station employee contributes $259,000 in average sales, and a financial consultant brings in sales of $890,000 per year. In contrast, the average full-time restaurant employee brings in $47,000 in yearly sales.

The average pre-tax income for a table-service restaurant is 4 percent of sales. With sales of $47,000, the typical restaurant employee is producing $1,880 in annual profits, before taxes. A new 7 percent payroll tax for health premiums for a $20,000 employee would pull $1,440 out of the bottom line and destroy 77 percent of the restaurant's profits. No matter how a restaurant owner tries to cope with this, the result is increased unemployment. If menu prices are raised, business drops off and fewer employees are needed. If prices aren't raised, the government takes a bigger piece of the pie and a money squeeze produces unemployment.

In the presidential campaign, candidate Clinton said, "I will not add new taxes on small business. I know that 85 percent of the new jobs in this country are generated by small business, and I am committed to helping them prosper." Mr. Clinton was right about the key role that small business now plays in the economy. Between 1980 and 1990, *Fortune* 500 companies cut over 400,000 jobs annually, while America's small businesses created 14.8 million new jobs, or 3.6 million more jobs than were created by Japan, Canada, and Western Europe combined in those same years.

Now, while campaigning for a mandated payroll tax on employers, Mr. Clinton says that it's *higher* taxes that will help small business prosper—and that a new federal bureaucracy will hold down health costs. In Hawaii, the only state that requires employers to buy health insurance for employees, total health care spending increased by 191 percent from 1980 to 1990, compared to a national increase of 163 percent. Hawaii also led the nation in the growth rate of business bankruptcies last year, due in large part to the explosion in mandated health benefits, says Sam Slom, president of Small Business Hawaii.

In his address to the nation last September 22, President Clinton promised a health plan "that does not cripple small business and low-wage workers." According to a recent National Restaurant Association survey, 67 percent of small restaurants (sales under $500,000 annually) don't provide health insurance to their employees, and it's

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because they can't afford it. With average restaurant profits at 4 percent of gross, $500,000 in sales produces $20,000 in profits, before taxes. Nationwide, more than three-quarters of all eating and drinking establishments, some 525,000 businesses, have sales under $500,000.

President Clinton's Council of Economic Advisors concludes that the job losses from the administration's health care plan will be at least 600,000. That estimate hasn't killed the plan—in Congress, the losses are "acceptable," a term reminiscent of how the government reported losses in Vietnam—"only" 600,000 jobs, or perhaps 800,000. A current study by the Employment Policies Institute in Washington, D.C., puts "the job loss under the current plan at 3.1 million." Carlos Bonilla, chief economist at the institute, says: "Ironically, the Clinton health care plan may ultimately hurt those it was designed to help, the low-income wage earner."

In the case of restaurants, that figure strikes directly at Pennsylvania's second-largest employment sector. Further, the employees who will lose their jobs in restaurants because of health mandates are the people candidate Clinton promised to help—"the ones who do the work and play by the rules"—a food service workforce that's disproportionately made up of first-time job-holders, women, people who need flexible hours, students, and minorities.

Worse, we're being asked to buy a health care plan that is dangerous to our health because of the kind of jobs it destroys. Dr. M. Harvey Brenner, Professor at the Johns Hopkins University's School of Hygiene and Public Health, reported to the Joint Economic Committee, U.S. Congress, that the "typical finding is that for every one percent increase in the unemployment rate, there is a two percent increase over a 6-10 year period in the mortality rate." In short, the Clinton health care plan will take its toll in cirrhosis of the liver, heart disease, infant mortality, motor vehicle accidents, lung cancer, homicide, and suicide.

It's clearly time for a new Clinton summit on health care and economics, this time with the small business innovators and risk-takers who are carrying this economy and with the physicians and other health care professionals who have created the world's best health care system. This time let's not stack the deck with Ivy League collectivists, dreamy policy wonks, old college roommates, and all those litigious elitists who want to wrap the rest of us up in red tape.

Ralph R. Reiland is a restaurateur and an assistant professor of economics at Robert Morris College in Pittsburgh.

Letter From Sarajevo

by Borisa Starovic, M.D.

Tour in Hell

◆

I have just escaped from 15 months in a hell that I once knew as Sarajevo. Ours is the fourth generation of my family to claim this ancient, cosmopolitan, multi-ethnic city as our home. My family is classified as Eastern Orthodox Christian. In the context of the present war, that makes us Serbs. I have lived most of my life under the communist regime of Josip Broz Tito. We were all called Yugoslavs. The atheistic communists did not outlaw the practice of religion; they simply discouraged it. It was not politically or socially acceptable to attend church or to observe the rites of any religion.

Sarajevo is the capital city of Bosnia-Herzegovina. Our people are either Eastern Orthodox Christian Serbs, Roman Catholic Croats, or Muslims. But the same Slavic blood flows through all our veins. Our ethnic preferences were set by our ancestors for historic reasons, usually as a condition for survival. But when the Berlin Wall was razed and the Iron Curtain collapsed, ethnic walls were raised all over Eastern Europe, and so we can no longer be known as Yugoslavs.

Our civil war has been called by many a religious war. That is not quite true. It is a war for freedom and self-determination. Our religious heritage only determines the uniform the soldiers wear. The Serbian Republic along with the Republic of Montenegro form what remains of the Federal Yugoslav Republic. Article 13 of the Serbian constitution guarantees freedom of religion, just as the United States Constitution does. All citizens are considered equal in the eyes of the state. Serbs believe in the separation of church and state. This is not so in Croatia, where only Croats (Roman Catholics) are guaranteed the full rights of citizenship. Nor is it true in Bosnia-Herzegovina, where only Muslims can hold office, hold government jobs, teach in the schools, or otherwise benefit from full citizenship. In Muslim countries the church is the state. These basic differences in the rights of minority citizens are the true root of the conflict.

This difference is worsened by the borders of our breakaway republics. The new borders, the ones the breakaways of Croatia and Bosnia-Herzegovina now claim, are not the same borders that they brought to Yugoslavia when it was formed in 1919 by the Treaty of Versailles. They are "administrative borders," established by Tito for the sole purpose of better managing the internal affairs of the communist state. They have no historic significance. But they place thousands of Serbs, mostly farmers, in new republics that deny them full rights of citizenship because of the religious preference of their ancestors. Though only about 20 to 30 percent of former Yugoslavs actually practice the religion of their ancestors, they cannot escape the label or the consequences.

I have been the dean of the medical

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school of the University of Sarajevo since 1989 and the head of the department of reconstructive and plastic surgery since 1978. I have also established an international reputation as a skilled plastic surgeon, specializing in the field of microscopic surgery, most specifically on trauma to the hands. I have never been able to distinguish a difference between the hands of a Serb, a Croat, or a Muslim through my microscope. The difference, if it exists, has never mattered to me, and it still doesn't. Over the years I have operated on a member of almost every single family in Sarajevo. I considered Sarajevo to be the ideal home. Not out of ignorance, since I have traveled extensively in both the East and the West. But it was cosmopolitan, cultured, and friendly.

The first act of terrorism came as a referendum vote on secession from Yugoslavia was being tallied on March 1, 1992. Three snipers opened fire on the wedding party of a Serbian couple at the Bascarsija Orthodox Church, killing Nikola Gardovic, the father of the groom. They then proceeded to burn the flag of the church, which had been unfurled for the festivities. Two of the killers were later positively identified as Croats, one a Muslim. The latter became one of the most infamous bandits in Sarajevo. He ended up in our hospital, where he was treated surgically for a hand injury—just one of the little ironies of civil war. That single act of mindless violence unlocked the gates of hell. The barricades went up between ethnic enclaves, and Sarajevo became a city under siege.

My personal hell did not begin until a month later, when on April 6, as I was leaving my home for my early rounds at the hospital, I was struck in the shoulder and in the back of the head by two bullets. They were fired at me by a 23-year-old Muslim neighbor, a newcomer to the area, who shot me because I am a Serb—a fact I had almost forgotten. I became the first wounded person to be treated in my department in my own hospital. The wounds were painful but not so serious as to prevent me from being transformed from patient back to practicing surgeon after several weeks of healing. But I did have time to ponder the motivation that would trigger the attempted assassination of a surgeon who has devoted over 25 years to the healing of the sick in this very city. I felt that I had given my life to these people and that my reward was two bullets.

That transformation also took me from my specialty of microscopic hand surgery to my new field of combat surgery. For the next 15 months the hospital became my home—and my hell. The supply of battered, bloodied bodies seemed endless; the pain and suffering beyond comprehension. I am not a young man. I was born in 1940, at the outbreak of World War II. Those 15 months aged me 15 years. I finally escaped to Serbia, but my health was devastated and my spirit broken.

Let me explain a little about the broken spirit. Our hospital staff represented all three major ethnic groups, as did our patients. We never treated any patient differently, regardless of ethnic label: soldier, civilian, or child. In the hospital all were ailing Yugoslavs, human beings suffering and dying.

Occasionally, we did get the opportunity to watch the television news reports emanating from the United States and Great Britain. It was difficult to believe they were covering the same war that we were experiencing. We Serbs, defending our homes from looters and pillagers, were vilified as invading aggressors. I was shot outside my own home, on the way to work. Invader? Aggressor?

I treated the victims of the notorious "Breadline Massacre" that was reported on Western TV as an artillery or mortar attack on civilians who were standing in line for bread: an attack by Serbian forces *at just the moment* that the only two professional TV cameras in the city were on hand to film the explosions. I found it very odd that there were no lacerations or puncture wounds on any of the victims. Neither were there any head or chest wounds, only trauma to the lower extremities. The wounds were obviously not caused by artillery shells; they were the result of preplanted demolition charges placed by Bosnian Muslim forces, triggered for the benefit of the TV cameras. For further proof, the surface of the "attack" area evidenced no star-shaped shell holes, which are typical of such explosions. Instead, there were two concentric circular holes that are now covered with flowers, in memory of the victims of their Muslim "friends." Several Muslim families were evacuated from their homes in the immediate area of the "attack" just prior to the media event. Coincidence? The United Nations has proof of this diabolic war

A Little Elegy for Confessionalism

by Katherine McAlpine

The paeans to psychosis;
the odes to body parts,
divorces, overdoses,
and "dying is an art"—

thank God, it's finally died,
this cult of self-disclosure,
committed suicide
along with its composers.

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crime, Muslims killing Muslims and blaming the Serbs for propaganda. It is only one example of the horrors of the propaganda war and the gullibility of the Western news media.

At the very beginning of the war, the chief surgeon of the Bosnian army, Dr. Naim Kadic, over my vehement protest, permitted Bosnian army snipers to operate from the hospital roof and from several windows on the upper floors of our hospital while the lower floors were full of war victims: many civilian as well as combatant Muslims. Thus, he transformed a safe haven into a military target. The Western media was quick to report the daily shelling of the hospital by *Serb* artillery. They either did not know or did not care that *Muslims* had made it a military target.

In August 1992, I was approached by a British officer of the UNPROFOR (United Nations Protective Forces). He wanted to give *me* an official protest for the firing on his troops by Muslims from the hospital. Since I did not have the authority to accept such a document, I referred him to Dr. Kadic, who had become the administrative director of the hospital. His comment: "Dr. Kadic will not admit that there are people shooting from the hospital." I knew they were using the windows of my office for sniping.

The media stresses that Serbs occupy 70 percent of the land in Bosnia-Herzegovina, but they fail to mention that Serbs hold clear title to 64 to 70 percent of that land. They also fail to mention that Serbs are the farmers of the region and that Muslims have been the urbanites. Farmers always need more land than factory workers or civil servants.

Serbs lost the propaganda war early on in Croatia, even though they successfully defended the land they have owned there for centuries. Once the West had determined that the Serbs were the villains in Croatia, it was easy to shift the aggressors from Croatia to Bosnia-Herzegovina. The Muslims were happy to help maintain the image. Strange that military forces from Croatia have been invading Bosnia-Herzegovina for months, but there has been no serious talk of sanctions, embargoes, or bombs against Croatia.

The damage done to our spirit, vilified by the world and by our former allies and friends, will take much longer to heal than the bodies of the traumatized victims of this mindless war. I can attest to that, since my wounds have healed. My spirit may never heal.

Dr. Borisa Starovic is dean of the Medical School at the University of Sarajevo. This story was told to and transmitted by Bruce Ralston, a businessman from Delaware who spent four months on a humanitarian mission to Serbia, Montenegro, Bosnia, and Croatia.

Letter From London

by Robin Lee

Arguing With Apes

◆

It was all the way back in 1860, when Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, participated in an open debate with T.H. Huxley, Darwin's leading supporter, that at least for England the evolutionary debate was effectively decided once and for all. The bishop was judged to have lost the argument by virtue of his memorably snide query as to whether it was on the mother's or the father's side that his opponent was descended from an ape. With hindsight it would seem that the bishop could have amply justified his position if only he had claimed that Church doctrine relies not on the strength of argument but rather on faith.

According to a book recently published in England, *The Facts of Life: Shattering the Myth of Darwinism* by Richard Milton, scientists have not been playing it straight with us laymen. Our schoolchildren are taught about Mendel's experiments with garden peas and about industrial melanism in moths, and they perform genetic experiments on unsuspecting fruit flies in class. Yet even here, at the secondary-school level of biology, it seems there are still some serious unanswered questions that perplex even those who do not believe in the biblical Creation. Can acquired characteristics be inherited? Do better-adapted species arise spontaneously when the environment changes, or do existing variants merely take over? Is the scope for mutation unlimited? Is it governed solely by chance?

The natural history museums that we laymen subsidize through taxes "reconstruct" lifelike models of primitive man and display "chronologies" of the earth and its inhabitants without ever letting on that these are based on guesswork. In 1991, Mrs. Joan Ahrens, a resident of Capetown, was astonished to read of an archaeological find in her native South Africa. Rock paintings discovered in the bush had been analyzed by Oxford University's radio carbon accelerator unit as being 1,200 years old and were pronounced by experts to be the earliest attempts at artistic self-expression by the country's bushmen. The enraged housewife stepped forward to explain that the paintings had been produced in her art classes and subsequently removed from her garden by unknown vandals. In short, scientific dating methods can be wildly inaccurate; some scientists confess there is no conclusive fossil evidence to show that life could have evolved, or did evolve, from a common ancestor. Though familiar, reassuring, and almost universally accepted, neo-Darwinist theory does not rely on the kinds of facts and proofs that are generally associated with the scientific method.

Yet many of these scientists, confronted with the headline-grabbing revelations of Mr. Milton's exposé, have argued that the skeptic is out to mislead us laymen. Darwinism may not have a simple answer to everything, they maintain, but there is no alternative theory that is more plausible. The philosophical crux of the debate is weighted on the side of the somewhat circular reasoning of the "cock-up theory" of natural selection—the fittest survive, those who survive are the fittest—seasoned with catastrophism to explain the unexplainable: how life first emerged, why thousands of species have suddenly died or are missing from the fossil record, why huge amounts of helium are "missing" from the atmosphere, and other countless anomalies. On the other side of the argument are those who adhere to a "conspiracy theory," whether it be one of God the Creator, extraterrestrial colonization, some form of Lamarckism, or a governing intelligence inherent to living structures, such as that which is attributed to nuclear particles.

Mr. Milton's chief detractor is the eminent zoologist and author Richard Dawkins, who (could it be a coincidence?) is also at Oxford. According to

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Dr. Dawkins, Mr. Milton's skeptical thesis is akin to the letters he routinely receives "from flat-earthers and other harmless fruitcakes." Writing in *New Statesman & Society*, he accused Mr. Milton of having an undisclosed Creationist motive—without, however, himself disclosing that the book contains a lengthy critique of his book *The Blind Watchmaker*. But what should most arouse the suspicions of the uncommitted layman is Dawkins' lengthy rail at the irresponsibility of the London publishers Fourth Est. for publishing Milton's book at all. At great length, he marvels that it was not blocked by an editor or referee with the kind of credentials that, presumably, would insure his agreement with Dr. Dawkins.

Of course it is not only professionals who might find it unlikely that the very foundations of scientific learning could be challenged by an amateur enthusiast, an outsider without formal training or impressive credentials working on the basis of little more than common sense and observation. Respect for expertise and accreditation, so widespread in our society, is difficult to reconcile in practice with the rather more idealistic belief that true progress and scientific discovery are more often than not the products of individualism and iconoclasm. And the current dispute over Darwinism may well prove impossible for the nonscientist to adjudicate. Perhaps the inconsistencies, vested interests, and circular reasoning are not as all-pervasive as Mr. Milton's account of recent findings makes them out to be. The main defense employed by the many who are rubbishing the book without reading it is that only the scientists themselves can decide. However, this time it is not I, the layman, who is encroaching on the scientists' territory, but the scientists who are encroaching on mine. Dr. Dawkins writes in a layman's magazine, not a specialized journal, that there should be a foolproof bureaucratic mechanism to prevent a layman's ideas from being circulated among the general readership. He argues that although Mr. Milton conceals it behind a seemingly rational argument based on respected scientific research, and may not even realize it himself, he is no more than a Creationist apologist.

Actually, Mr. Milton accuses Darwinists of intellectual authoritarianism in their approach to science. If anything, Dr. Dawkins justifies this accusation with his arguments directed at the general reader. According to Dr. Dawkins, it is an attack on rationalism for this book to be available. Perhaps, having been challenged in the past only by Creationists, whose argument is not based on reason and so cannot be defeated by reason, Darwinists like Dr. Dawkins have lost their rational edge through lack of a credible adversary. Moreover, we are told, it is not just because our most eminent scientists think this book is rubbish that we should also think it is rubbish. We are asked to consult our own common sense. How could Darwin's theory of evolution not be true? If evolution did not happen, what did?

But if neo-Darwinist theory does indeed rely on such appeals to common sense, maybe it is not so strange for Mr. Milton to be attacking it on that basis. If Dr. Dawkins himself is inviting us to put the theory to the test of common sense, then perhaps the layman is not so out of place as a judge. After all, mathematicians do not appeal to our common sense when they tell us that parallel lines do meet, and I have heard enough of recent research into chaos theory and fractile geometry to know that it is best to stay out of it. Darwinism, however, basks in the glory of being comprehensible and somehow obvious. (Charles Darwin himself, after all, was not a professional scientist but was trained as a priest.) Compared to him, Mr. Milton, who is an amateur geologist, an engineer by training, and for 20 years a science journalist, is brimming with credentials. Darwin's ideas, which gained acceptance because to rational thinkers they seemed reasonable, were published despite entrenched opposition and the centuries of received wisdom they contradicted. To say that it is the Darwinists of today who have inherited the characteristic bigotry, closemindedness, and quasi-religious zeal of their erstwhile opponents does not begin to do justice to the full scale of the irony. When an Oxford debating society tried to organize a replay of the famous Wilberforce-Huxley confrontation of 130 years ago, Dr. Dawkins withdrew after he heard Mr. Milton was to take part.

What makes Darwinism so contentious a doctrine is that it is not confined to science. It underlies the fundamental political, economic, moral, and religious assumptions of everyone. Would it not seem in post-Thatcherite Britain, after years of science funding cuts and dwindling research resources, that scientists would be among the first to question the *reductio ad absurdum* of "the survival of the fittest"? Do they believe that if subsidies are cut, the "best" science will survive by natural selection? It is, after all, professional scientists like Dr. Dawkins the Darwinist, not renegade journalists like Mr. Milton the anti-Darwinist, whom the system protects from the ravages of market forces.

As for us ordinary, tax-paying ignoramuses, why should our questions and doubts, even when they are in book form, not be tolerated with courtesy and patience? John Stuart Mill, Darwin's great contemporary, believed that no orthodoxy is *ever* right. Only a doctrine which can defend itself against that radical claim is fit to survive.

Robin Lee is an editorial writer with the Daily Telegraph *in London.*

LIBERAL ARTS

AMERICAN 'INTELLIGENCE'

". . . CIA officers are not all that brilliant. . . . They make up for it by working hard and being thorough. . . . I thought it amazing that a minor power like Britain should not trust a major one like America. But when I got to America, I found that Americans didn't necessarily trust the CIA either. One FBI agent said to me, 'The CIA? They spy for the other side. We're here to catch them doing it.'"

—from Oleg Gordievsky's "Aldrich Ames, My Would-Be Killer," in the March 5, 1994, issue of the Spectator.

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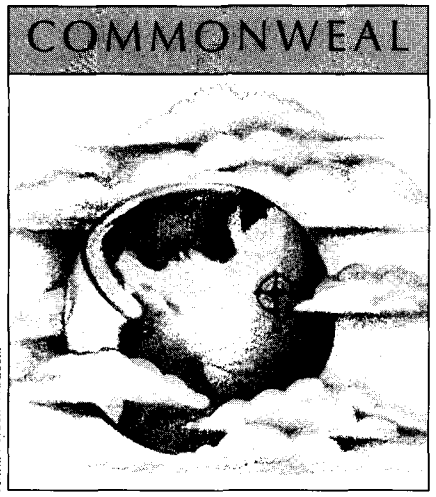

Anna Mecik-Wodecki

Hillary Clinton and My Grandmother's Toenails

by Ron Courtney

My grandmother was a frugal lady. She was a warm, friendly, and loving person, but she could squeeze a dollar until George Washington's eyes crossed. When she frosted a cake she used only half of each ingredient in the recipe, so the frosting was paper-thin and tended to disappear after a day or two, but she always had a slice for us kids when we wanted it.

Grandmother's legendary parsimony extended to all areas of her life. For example, no one in the family can remember her going to see a doctor during her first 85 years. I'm sure she had her share of colds and flu, but she would never have been willing to pay for a doctor's advice or treatment unless it was absolutely necessary. Most people of her generation felt the same way about doctors, which is one of the primary reasons why medical care was far less expensive in Grandmother's day.

Being a practical person, Grandmother decided around age 86 to sell her house and rent an apartment in a "senior citizens' home," where she would have the security of other people around her and a professional staff to call on if needed. The high rent seemed to be justified by the amenities offered. One of these amenities was free medical care.

Of course, the medical care was not free at all. It was paid for by Medicare and by the tenants themselves as part of their rent, but since none of the seniors ever had to write a check to pay for a doctor's visit, the medical care appeared to be free. This was when the great change in my grandmother's attitude toward doctors occurred.

One day when I was visiting Grandmother she told me she had just gotten back from the doctor. I was surprised to hear this because I knew of her long noninvolvement with the medical profession and because she appeared to be in excellent health. When I asked her what was the matter, she smiled and said, "Well, nothing. I just had my toenails clipped."

Her toenails clipped! I was stunned! Could this be my grandmother, the one who saved her used Christmas wrapping paper to reuse the following year, going to a doctor to have her toenails cut? Seeing my disbelief, she said, "It doesn't cost me a thing! All my doctor visits here are free."

Then I understood why my grandmother would reverse her lifelong attitude toward doctors, and why, as I later learned, she was a frequent visitor at the doctor's office although she had no real health problems other than the normal ones of aging. As long as there was a direct connection between her pocketbook and the doctor's office, Grandmother avoided doctors whenever possible. As soon as her medical care appeared to be free (or prepaid through her rent), going to the doctor became part of her regular routine. Of course, the same thing occurred to all the other residents of Grandmother's senior complex and the demand for medical care hit the stratosphere. The next year, and every year after that, the rent went up dramatically to pay for all this "free" health care. It is now so exorbitant that my grandmother would never have considered moving into the complex had she been asked to pay at today's rate. The senior complex is reputed to have serious financial difficulties.

My grandmother died of natural causes several years ago at age 94. Now along comes Hillary Clinton, who wants to establish the same kind of health care for the entire country through a system of nationally socialized medicine. Thanks to Mrs. Clinton, we'll all be able to get our toenails clipped for "free." However, since the law of supply and demand works relentlessly on both small and large economic systems, the results of Mrs. Clinton's plan will be the same as those at Grandmother's apartment complex: an explosion of demand for medical attention followed by an enormous increase in medical costs.

Ah, but Mrs. Clinton also has a plan to solve the higher medical costs caused by her first plan: she will institute price controls on doctor's fees, hospital fees, prescription drugs, and anything else connected with the health of the American people. In other words, it will become a crime for doctors or nurses or hospital administrators to raise their prices to cover their increased costs. This kind of government "solution" to social problems was tried in the Soviet Union, and it eventually destroyed the economy and the whole fabric of society there; people like Mrs. Clinton are now so discredited that they can't even get a job clipping toenails in a Moscow beauty parlor. My grandmother lived long enough to see all this; it's too bad for all of us that Mrs. Clinton doesn't see it, too.

Ron Courtney writes from Locust Hill, Virginia.

The Death of Natural Causes

by Robert Weissberg

Let us begin with the obvious: sooner or later, everyone dies. Even Bill and Hillary say they know that. No amount of money will head off the inevitable. We cannot "cure" death like we might rebuild our inner cities or clean up the air.

At best, we can use modern medicine to cheat death for a few years. Instead of dying at 50, a person may die at 70. Obviously, however, there are biological limits to this cheating. More important-

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ly, the costs for such cheating rise astronomically with each increment in longevity. A few simple public health measures, an improved diet, and regular vaccinations can have a major impact on those under 50. Keeping a single seriously ill 90-year-old alive can cost a fortune. And this fortune squeezes out only a few more years at best.

It is the attempt to add a few more years of life to people who are seriously ill that escalates the cost of medicine. A sickly person, especially one of advanced age, not only requires more and more expensive health care, but for several reasons, he or she is also more likely to burden the government with this cost. Moreover, thanks to the onward march of high technology this situation will get worse. In the past there was relatively little that could be done for a person with a serious heart condition—some medication, a new diet, and advice to avoid strain constituted the treatment. Today, the same person might be given a new natural or artificial heart. What future treatments for heart ailments will be like we cannot say. It is likely, however, that they will be even more technically complex and thus more costly than present cures. And since only the government could afford such cures, it will be the taxpayer who pays for cheating death by a few more years.

Though it might make good financial sense for the government to recognize that higher expenditures for seriously ill people are likely to yield smaller health gains, such a recognition is politically unacceptable. Any administration that refused to help the seriously ill, even if this help was of limited value and highly expensive, would soon be labeled as coldhearted, inhuman, obsessed only with money, etc. The mass media would have a field day with cute ten-year-olds who were denied one last chance at life merely because the odds of a cure were low and the operation cost a small fortune. Together with all the moralizing there would be cries of pain from the scientific community about the government's failure to encourage medical breakthroughs and research.

The high-technology approach to increasing the life expectancy of the seriously ill person is clearly going to drive the government to a financial crisis. Yet we cannot simply abandon our commitment to providing for the sick. How can we help the sick, even the very sick, cheaply and in a way consistent with high moral values? Preventive medicine is no solution since one still has to deal with those who eventually become seriously ill and therefore become candidates for expensive government-subsidized health care.

The solution is *renaming* the causes of illness and death. The fact that people get sick and die is *not* the problem; the problem is the *reason* for sickness and death. In the old days, before the development of good diagnostic techniques, what could not be accounted for was attributed to "natural causes." And since not much was known about disease or how the body operated, "natural causes" loomed large as explanations of illness and death. As medical knowledge grew, "natural causes" declined in importance. Today, they represent a miniscule cause of human misery and will probably cease to exist as medicine continues to become more sophisticated.

A biological event is viewed quite differently when it is labeled "natural causes" as opposed to, say, arteriosclerosis, cirrhosis, or cholelithiasis. The last three terms cause concern, alarm, and the feeling that something ought to be done, regardless of the cost. When grandpa dies of nephrites this is a tragedy. Had he died of "natural causes" or its close relative, "old age," people would not be bothered all that much. In fact, there is something vaguely pleasant or commendable about being a victim of natural causes.

The path to a solution of the health care crisis should now be clear. Instead of spending millions on diseases such as cancer, research on natural causes should be encouraged. Such research will inevitably lead to the discovery that "natural causes" are more common than previously believed. Indeed, thanks to improved diagnostic techniques and heightened awareness among physicians, illnesses once mistakenly classified as, say, heart attacks will now correctly be attributed to natural causes. In time, the proportion of troublesome, alarming, and horrible diseases will decline.

A few million dollars spent each year on the Natural Cause Institute and grants to other research facilities will pay handsome dividends. As already mentioned, the incidence of "disease" will decline as more and more people die a natural death. And because "death by natural causes" is not something that inspires a financially unrestricted holy war, the government can avoid financial involvement in the name of keeping the hopeless alive for a little longer. Nor will anybody suggest a crash program to find a cure for natural causes. An emphasis on "natural" causes also fits nicely with current infatuations with natural foods and holistic approaches to health care. A call for a natural solution to illness rather than a reliance on drugs, radiation, and cutting people open will be a serviceable campaign promise for many politicians.

Natural causes is also consistent with high moral principle. Hardly anyone would fault a doctor who refused to perform a risky and expensive surgery once it had been discovered that the person suffered from natural causes. There is something vaguely divine and predetermined about natural causes that makes human intervention not only unnecessary, but slightly undesirable as well. The "should we pull the plug" debate is also neatly solved by a greater reliance on natural causes—there is no expensive life-support system to disconnect when the diagnosis is natural causes.

All in all, by focusing on natural causes as the root of sickness we would have a healthier citizenry, lower taxes, fewer people worried about the growing number of dreaded diseases and a solution to some of the ethical problems now facing doctors. What could be more natural?

Robert Weissberg is a professor of political science and a common-cold activist at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign.

When Sex Conquers Love

by B.K. Eakman

Much as I hate to admit it, AIDS czarina Kristine Gebbie got it right. The message to youngsters these days does indeed give the impression that sex is ugly, dirty, and a more perverse than pleasurable experience. Ms. Gebbie bungled only when she took on the role of anti-Victorian-morality crusader.

In the space of a few months, I read about public school teachers who "have sex with" (not merely "seduce") their

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students; priests who sexually abuse little boys; naval officers who apparently make orgies an annual, celebrated event; and movie stars who take on the names of solemn religious figures to promote videos and books portraying kinky sex. Then there was the ongoing debate over gays in the military, which meant that newspaper and magazine readers were treated to ever more graphic descriptions concerning the sexual gymnastics performed by homosexuals. Rap music lyricists got accolades for their latest achievement in moving the term *'hos* into the mainstream of American lexicon. The Whitney Museum of American Art launched its exhibit "Abject Art: Repulsion and Desire," which managed to outdo even Robert Mapplethorpe, Annie Sprinkle, and Madonna. And last August, South Florida installed a "public service" hotline for teenagers (377-TEEN) called "The Link," which promotes sex as a means of getting rid of tension, abortion on demand without parental consent, and homosexuality as a lifestyle as opposed to a handicap.

All this doesn't begin to include the multifarious accounts of rape-torture murders; the endless articles exploring the DNA analysis of semen found on some poor, dead girl's panties; the demands of the Man-Boy Love Association; the aborted fetuses in our faces; and the new horrors on the sexually transmitted diseases front, such as cytomegalovirus (CMV), which is causing birth defects in pregnant women. At a subway station entrance, my husband and I were shocked by a billboard as stunningly tasteless as the sexual message it sought to rebut. The billboard was designed to appear spattered with blood. The caption read: "'Virgin' is not a dirty word."

By last summer's end, I was glad I wasn't a kid anymore. Somehow such an introduction to the world of sexuality would have failed to inspire passion, raging hormones or no. Indeed, if we observe the recent admonitions of Surgeon General Jocelyn Elders and deposed New York School Chancellor Joseph Fernandez, we shouldn't wait until youngsters' hormones are raging. We should assault their sensibilities in kindergarten with a panoply of condoms, sex toys (no kidding), and legitimized pornography. The National Guidelines for Comprehensive Sexual Education, produced two years ago by the Sex Information and Education Council of the United States, recommend teaching kindergartners to feel comfortable with their genitals by having them shout "penis" and "vulva." By fourth grade, the sex education curriculum has youngsters performing the now-familiar ritual of unrolling condoms on bananas and discussing the benefits of "mutual masturbation." In seventh grade, children advance to discussing oral and anal sex, role-playing sexual situations, and learning the street names for a variety of sexual acts. In high school, young students are awash in bisexuality, transvestitism, sadomasochism, and bestiality. Teachers are supposed to pass around "finger cots," which are condoms for the fingers, and "dental dams," a kind of condom for oral sex, and discuss "brachiopractic penetration," which the curious can look up. The idea, supposedly, is to make youngsters hygiene-conscious at dating time. This is sold in catchy phrases like "safe sex" and "no glove, no love!"

Love, indeed. What happened to it?

Somewhere between the bluegrass-country ballads that the Everly Brothers and the Kingston Trio interpreted for their teenage audiences—songs that expressed an amorous sentimentality, incorporated complex harmonies, evoked an entreating innocence, and connected sex with affection—and the heavy metal-rap era, music moved from seduction to sadism, from beautiful to brutal, from romantic to repulsive. Today it is difficult to find a station to wake up to in the morning that isn't filled with squealing and shricking and a what's-love-got-to-do-with-it mentality. Talented new instrumental composers like John Nilsen, Danny Wright, Tom Barabas, Karunesh, Gary Sills, and Clifford White are ignored by disc jockeys and can be located only through independent music distributors and heard about only by word of mouth, as increasing numbers of individuals seek to escape the cacophony of pulsating commercials and sexploitive song lyrics for more uplifting and romantic fields.

Meanwhile, television languishes in the language of abuse—nonstop sexual innuendos, putdowns, and lascivious catcalls from the audience. Youngsters cut their teeth on the putrid squalor of *Beavis and Butt-head*. Media moguls say these and other shows are successful because they attract a large share of the viewing audience.

But what about the nonviewing, nonlistening audience? How about those who rarely turn on the tube or radio anymore? Where are the statistics on us? More to the point, when did sex become a mere animalistic instinct? When did "flirting" and "courtship" become synonyms for "sexual harassment"?

As a final indignity, Ann Landers, after 38 years of preaching commitment and caring, offered her commentary on a piece she reprinted from the *Los Angeles Times* by a Dr. Steven Sainsbury of San Luis Obispo, California. He had written to comment on a 15-year-old girl he was treating for "a rip-roaring case of gonorrhea"—a typical occurrence in his practice, apparently. It was bad enough that he criticized experts who equate condoms with "safe sex," saying the high breakage rate during normal, vaginal intercourse did not support such a claim. But Dr. Sainsbury committed the ultimate blasphemy when he maintained that the only safe sex is no sex, until one is ready "to commit to a monogamous relationship." The key words, he reiterated, were "*abstinence* and *monogamy*."

The good doctor didn't mention marriage, but no matter. Ann Landers took on the heretic, declaring that she was going to "stick her neck out" and "suggest a more realistic solution than abstinence." Her recommendation? "Self-gratification or mutual masturbation, whatever it takes to release sexual energy." "This is a sane and safe alternative to intercourse," she wrote, "not only for teenagers, but for older men and women who have lost their partners." Her rationale was that "the sex drive is the strongest human drive after hunger."

It was this sanctimonious diatribe that brought me to the word processor. I'm going to stick *my* neck out and say: No. The sex drive is *not* the strongest human drive after hunger. It may be the strongest *animal* drive after hunger, but it is not the strongest *human* drive. Love is. Love is what separates animals from humans. Animals may exhibit loyalty, trust, and affection, but these are not the equivalents of compassion and commitment, which comprise the key elements of what we know as romantic love. Certainly there's physical attraction, or "chemistry." But having celebrated my 25th wedding anniversary, I can tell you it's commitment and compassion that keep the "chemistry" intact 25 years after the wedding march is over. Conversely, as any separated or divorced couple will tell you, when there is no love left in a relationship, sex is the first thing to go.

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Down through the centuries, music from popular to opera has revolved around love. Love lost. Love gained. Endless love. Falling in love. Unrequited love. Sometimes naive, corny, and sentimental. Occasionally erotic in an amorous, lighthearted way. But love, nevertheless. Until recently, song lyrics were never mean, grotesque, or disrespectful. The music did not remind you of a *grand mal* seizure. Certainly love was not reduced to crotch-grabbing, cruel images of caged, raped, or battered women and of ripped genitalia (à la 2 Live Crew).

How ironic that the 60's generation—*my* generation—which once proselytized "Make love, not war" now admonishes its young to "have sex, not love" and to equate love with a glove, sex toys, and condoms; these, Ms. Gebbie, are the "negative" images; these, Ms. Elders, are the "criminal" messages. Too many psychologists, too many grownups in general, have forgotten what it was like to be a child. Never mind whether it was the 1950's, 60's, or 30's. Just a child. We all had hormones, you know. Today's kids didn't invent them. But that first exposure to sexual topics, if I remember correctly, was not about our hormones.

Before I knew where babies come from, before I knew about menstruation, before I knew about the sex act, before I needed a bra, my little friends and I fantasized about love. Paul Newman was handsome; we weren't interested in his groin. And from the teenage years on into young adulthood, flirting was fun; conversation was the means of exploring the first exhilarating feelings of attraction; and those initial fleeting moments of physical intimacy were exciting. We were in love with being in love. An off-color joke, if it was clever, drew a smile. The details of people's sex lives did not. They were private. A person's virginity intensely so.

Because of my recent book, I receive all kinds of adolescent tests and surveys in the mail—some anonymously, some not. One of the most recent, from Nebraska, asks youngsters, among a long list of provocative questions, what they think *about* when they think of sex. Forgetting the inappropriateness of such a question for a moment, I wonder how many wrote "love." Or "caring." Or "warmth." Or "tenderness."

I was not raised a Fundamentalist Christian. But ever since my book was published—which struck a particularly sensitive chord among the orthodox Christian community, as well as with other religious groups—I think I better understand why those sneeringly referred to as "religious" these days get bent out of shape when the topic of teaching evolution comes up. It's not merely that they are offended that humankind may technically at some point have had some close relatives among the simian family, although no direct proof of that theory has ever been confirmed. What really gets under the skin of orthodox religious parents is the suggestion, frequently passed along *with* this theory, that humans are really just advanced animals.

Don't get me wrong. Anyone who knows me will tell you that, left to my devices, I would take home the entire contents of the animal shelter. But humans are not animals. And animals, despite some similarities, including emotions and the rudimentary ability to plan, think, and make decisions, are not humans with fur. Humans are not at the mercy of their instincts and emotions. Animals are. Animals, including those species that mate for life, do not contemplate their own existence.

At the heart of the resistance by orthodox religious people to today's government-mandated sex training is that children are being encouraged to consider themselves as animals, with slightly more complex brain functions, of course—i.e., animals cannot be trained to use a condom. But the fact is, animals don't need condoms. Nature did not construct animals in such a way that "promiscuous" or indiscriminate sex is going to hurt them. The purpose of sex in the animal kingdom is reproduction. Period. To animals, procreation is of serious interest only when the female is in *heat*. In humans, procreation is of serious interest mainly when two people are *in love*.

Love is most fulfilling when it involves loss of self to another person. For that reason, sex tends to fall short of expectations if its sole purpose is self- (much less group-) gratification, when it becomes, in effect, a sporting event. It is this point that is at the core of what is called the "sanctity of the family." Sex, the most intimate way possible to express love on a physical level, is an intensely private matter.

Which brings up the other source of objection among orthodox religious parents to the currently voguish sexual teachings: the rejection of a "privacy ethic" by sex educators. Look at the surveys and the distribution of sexual paraphernalia to young, impressionable children. What is the message? It is that you won't have any problem with this "unless you have something to hide." And also that nothing is private. Not even "what you think about when you think of sex." Not your bowel habits, either, if you read the sex surveys. And when you move on to some of the drug and alcohol surveys, and even to some so-called academic tests, like the Metropolitan Achievement Test put out by Psychological Corporation, it is clear that the details of your family life are not private—and shouldn't be. Do your parents do such-and-such? Do your parents have this or that in their homes? If you believe the literature, the purpose of this information-gathering is to construct a curriculum that will instill ethical values.

Isn't it ironic that we once had social sanctions that worked in this country. That kept behavior within tolerable limits and the libido in check. When adults, not adolescents, held cultural authority, young men were actually taught that certain behaviors are unacceptable around women. They were taught attentiveness and courtesy and to avoid foul language. They weren't given lame excuses about their sexuality peaking at the age of 17.

Similar codes of conduct were taught young girls. You didn't go alone to a man's room, much less at all hours of the night, and expect no consequences. You were taught what it meant to conduct yourself in a dignified fashion. You didn't even consider going to bed with a fellow on a first, second, or third date. You didn't go braless in tank-tops, wear skin-tight skirts, fishnet hose, and spike heels, get your legs shaved by a bunch of drunken sailors, and then turn around and complain about being sexually harassed. Bearing a child out of wedlock was disgraceful and showed a lack of self-discipline and character.

Then the mental "health" experts and the courts came along and in just 30 years managed to remove the stigma from behaviors that, today, are completely out of control. No law against "sexual harassment," no sex ed course, no "deadbeat dads" legislation is going to bring back the morality and sense of privacy-in-intimacy that was once passed down from generation to generation—values like modesty and chastity, which parents are no longer *permitted* to pass

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along, because the schools and the media—backed up unwittingly, perhaps, by the courts—continually undermine the efforts of responsible parents trying to do their job.

Thus has sexuality become the stuff of billboards and bumper stickers, each vying for attention, each more shocking than the last. Oh, yes. Today's teachings about sex are negative, all right, just as AIDS czarina Kristine Gebbie says. But no more so than allusions to and discussions about the subject in entertainment and the nightly news. As a result, the allure of physical attraction and the rituals of courtship are no longer cute, fun, flirtatious, titillating, or even risqué; they're just plain gross. Sex and love have been granted a divorce.

Sex is now defined as "release of tension." Art, music, and much of literature focus not on romance, but on genitals, multiple orgasms, and little-understood chromosomal mix-ups that result in unfortunate genetic mistakes like homosexuality and the penchant for pedophilia.

What have we done to love? We have debased it. Defiled it. Desensitized it. Depersonalized it. Disparaged it. We've even urinated on it. And, judging from our drug and crime statistics, society is paying the heaviest possible price.

B.K. Eakman is the author of Microchipped: How the Education Establishment Took Us Beyond Big Brother *(1993) and of* Educating for the "New World Order" *(1991).*

Daddies and the Swedish State

by Allan Carlson

The Mercy Killing of Socialism, launched so hopefully throughout Central and Eastern Europe in 1991, has failed. Most visibly, Polish voters returned the communists to parliamentary control in 1993, while Russia swung toward a version of National Socialism. Even in the smaller but symbolically important nation of Sweden, the "conservative revolt" sparked by right-wing election victories in September 1991 has ground to a halt.

For a while, all things seemed possible, as Swedish voters appeared to repudiate the widely admired "Third Way." The Social Democrats, who had ruled Sweden with few interruptions from 1932 to 1991, found their voting strength reduced to 37 percent, the lowest figure since the 1920's. Today, however, polls show the socialists claiming 50 percent of would-be voters, a historic high, while the "Green" and "Left" (read communist) parties pull another 7 percent. Meanwhile, the four-party "bourgeois coalition" government—composed of the Moderate Party (formerly the Conservative Party), the Center Party (formerly the Agrarian Party), the Peoples Party, and the Christian Democrats—has lost nearly a fifth of its support, falling to 38 percent. With elections set for early autumn, few doubt that socialism will soon be back in control.

This conservative coalition blames its troubles on a four-year-long recession, caused by past socialist excesses and the crushing burden of the welfare state. There simply has not been enough time, they claim, to cut through the tangled legacy of 60 years of socialist intervention into private life. Yet the deeper problem may lie within the government itself, where a dominant neoconservative vision has made a true assault on the bloated state apparatus impossible. Accepting the welfare state as an inevitable and necessary aspect of postindustrial life and buying into the overarching principle of equality, these intellectuals work only to reposition state power in line with "traditional values," crafting their own version of Big Government Conservatism.

In family policy, for example, the coalition government has done nothing to dismantle the web of child allowances, daycare entitlements, housing subventions, and parent insurance—all of which make single-parenthood very attractive (over *half* of Swedish births are still out-of-wedlock), marriage legally and economically inconsequential, and family autonomy but a memory. The government's major initiative has been to propose a new *vårdnadsbidrag*, or childcare allowance, for all families with children ages one to three, including those with a parent at home. While resting in theory on "family values," this plan emerged only as an *addition* to existing schemes and costs, not as a substitute. As such, it marks little more than a deepened level of state intrusion into what remains of private households.

Even more telling was the October 1993 report of the government's "Daddy Group," appointed to review family policy in light of fathers' interests. Did these "conservatives" plot some resistance to the liberal feminism that had revolutionized Swedish social life in the 1960's and 70's? Did they dream of some timid reassertion of patriarchy? To the contrary, the panel urged new steps to engineer the full victory of gender equality *within each family*. The Daddy Group's central recommendation was a radical change in Sweden's paid-parental-leave program.

At present, parents can claim up to *12 months* of leave from work after the birth of a child, receiving 90 percent of the insured value of their income (up to $2,700 a month or $32,400 for the year, tax free) and a guaranteed job of equal merit on their return. This generous benefit has, not surprisingly, become wildly popular among younger Swedish women, and baby prams are once again a common sight in Stockholm. (Indeed, Sweden's birthrate has *climbed* 30 percent over the last eight years, making this nation one of the few in Europe with *above-replacement* fertility.)

Accordingly, conventional politicians fear to touch the program, despite the crippling burdens it places on both the state budget and the private business sector. Feminist leaders, however, have fretted that paid leave has been utilized overwhelmingly by women. Parents themselves may decide how to split the 12 months, and the vast majority choose to have the mother at home for nearly the full period.

Most people would see this as a minor triumph of common sense or nature over egalitarian nonsense, but not the "bourgeois" government's Daddy Group. It recommended a change in the law to *require* that at least *three months* of the paid leave be taken by the father, and its long-term goal is to mandate that the leave be equally shared. As one member of the panel—Andreas Carlgren of the Center Party—explained, it was time to toss the notion of parental choice "into the garbage can." All other forms of social insurance, he noted, ignore family bonds such as marriage. Allowing parents to opt exclusively for maternal care for their children was "old-fashioned" in an age when the individual's relationship to the egalitarian state was all that really mattered.

Meanwhile, the one Swedish political

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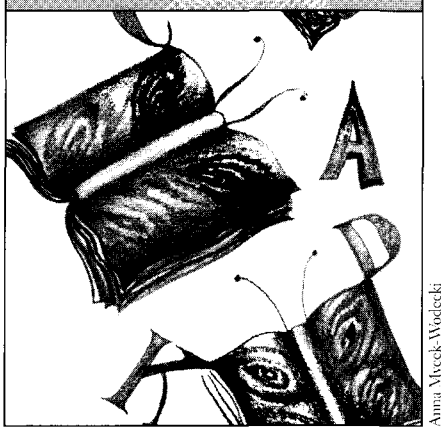
party with a willingness to tackle the welfare state head on—the New Democrats—appears to be dissolving. Holding 25 seats (and the balance of power) in Sweden's parliament after the 1991 vote, this newly organized party mobilized populist anger over high taxes, uncontrolled immigration, and an unresponsive political elite. While the New Democrats were not invited to join the ruling coalition, the new government relied on their votes to survive. For a period in 1992, New Democracy claimed the loyalty of nearly 12 percent of Swedish voters, and it seemed on the verge of still greater success.

But then came trouble. Political dealmaking over budget cuts began to backfire, while vicious assaults on party members as "racists" and "xenophobes" mounted in the media. Badly shaken, several of the weaker New Democrats in parliament denounced their party and defected to the coalition government (to applause in the press), while the party's leaders—Count Ian Wachtmeister and amusement park-owner Bert Karlsson—worked with diminishing success to weave together a constituency ranging from "rednecks" and medical doctors to libertarians. Last summer, Wachtmeister suggested that Islamic mosques should not be a regular feature of the future Swedish skyline. Not long after, someone put a torch to just such a mosque, and the newspapers went ballistic. In August, a prominent early party member, Lutheran minister Kenneth Landelius, launched a verbal attack on New Democracy, labeling it "antidemocratic" and "foreigner-hating." As he told *Svenska Dagbladet*, "New Democracy envisions a Swedishness that cannot be found, because most of our cultural vitality is imported." Meanwhile, Karlsson's business empire fell into bankruptcy, and a battered and exhausted Wachtmeister resigned as party leader last January, leaving the New Democrats in turmoil and with a meager four percent support in the opinion polls. Promising party initiatives, including family policy reforms based on tax-relief and diminished government, have withered away.

So one may count Swedish socialism among the political Undead, both in the form of a reenergized Social Democratic Party and in the more opportunistic guise of the Daddy Group. It stalks the streets of Stockholm once again, looking for what little blood remains among a fearful, dependent, and ever-so-politically-correct citizenry, confident that other would-be Doctor Von Helsings dare not raise their heads.

Allan Carlson is the publisher of Chronicles *and president of The Rockford Institute.*

LITERATURE



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

The Weremother

by Kit Reed

A Short Story

Often in that period in her life, when she least expected it, she would feel the change creeping over her. It would start in the middle of an intense conversation with her younger son or with her daughter, behind whose newly finished face she saw her past and intimations of her future flickering silently, waiting to break cover. Black hairs would begin creeping down the backs of her hands and claws would spring from her fingertips. She could feel her lip lifting over her incisors as she snarled: "Can't you remember *anything*?" or: "Stop picking your face."

She had to concentrate on standing erect then, determined to defeat her own worst instincts just once more, but she knew it was only a matter of time before she fell into the feral crouch. In spite of her best efforts she would end up loping on all fours, slinking through alleys and stretching her long belly as she slid over fences; she would find herself hammering on her older son's window, or deviling him on the phone: Yes we are adults together, we are even friends, but do you look decent for the office? Even when he faced her without guile, as he would any ordinary person, she could feel the howl bubbling in her throat: Did you remember to use your face medicine?

Beware, she is never far from us; she will stalk us to the death, wreaking her will and spoiling our best moments, threatening our future, devouring our past. Beware the weremother when the moon is high and you and the one you love are sinking to earth; look sharp or she will spring upon you; she will tear you apart to save you if she has to, bloodying tooth and claw in the inadvertency of love.

Lash me to the closet pole she cried, knowing what was coming, but she was thinking what might happen to the older son if he married the wrong girl, whom he is in love with. Who would iron his shirts? Would she know how to take care of him? It's his decision now; he's a grown man and we are adults together, but I am his mother, and older. I have a longer past than he does and can divine the future.

This is for your own good.

She and the man she married were at a party years before they even had children. Someone introduced the identity game. Tell who you are in three sentences. After you finished, the woman who started the game diagnosed you. She said you valued what you put first. Somebody began, "My name is Martha, I'm a mother." She remembers looking at that alien woman, thinking: a mother? Is that all you want to be? What does that make of the man sitting next to you? She thinks: I know who I am. I know my marriage. I know my ambitions. I am those three things and by the way I am a mother. I would never list it first in this or any other game.

On the other hand, she can't shake the identity.

Here is an old story she hates. It is called The Mother's Heart. The cherished only son fell into debt and murdered his adoring mother for her money. He had been ordered to tear out her heart and take it to his debtors as proof. On the way he fell. Rolling out of the basket, the heart cried: "Are you hurt, my son?"

Damn fool.

Nobody wanted that. Not him, not

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her.

As a child she had always hated little girls who told everybody they wanted to grow up to be mothers.

She goes to visit her own mother, who may get sick at any moment and need care for the rest of her life. She comes into the tiny apartment in a combined guilt and love that render her speechless. On these visits she slips helplessly into childhood, her mind seething with unspoken complexities while her lips shape the expected speeches.

What was it like for you?

"How are you feeling?"

Did you and he enjoy it and how did you keep that a secret?

"That's too bad. Your African violets look wonderful."

Why won't you ever give me a straight answer?

"Do you really want Kitty up there with the plants? I wish you'd get someone in to help you clean."

I wish I didn't have to worry. I went from child who depended to woman struggling for freedom to this without ever once passing through a safe zone in which neither of us really needed the other.

"That dress is beautiful, Mother, but you don't look warm enough."

I know you think I dress to embarrass you.

The aging woman whose gracious manner comes out of a forgotten time says, "As long as it looks nice, I can put up with being chilly."

Just before the mother looks away her daughter sees a flash of the captive girl. The old lady's flesh has burned away, leaving the skin quite close to her skull. Stepping off the curb, she is uncertain. Caged behind her mother's face is her own future.

As they go out the door the old mother tries to brush a strand of hair off her grown daughter's forehead; the old lady would like to replace her daughter's wardrobe with clothes more like her own.

Stop that. Please don't do that.

She thinks, Mother, I'm sorry your old age is lonely, but something else snags at the back of her mind. Why was my childhood lonely? She will lavish her own children with company: siblings, people to sleep over. She will answer all their questions in full. She will never insist on anything that isn't important.

All her friends have mothers. In one way or another all those mothers have driven their grown daughters crazy.

"She pretended to know me," says Diana, who had flown all the way to Yorkshire to be with her. "Then on the fourth day we were in the sitting room when she showed me a picture. I asked who it was and she said this was her daughter Diana, who was married and living in America. She had erased me."

Another says: "When I was little she praised everything I did, even if it wasn't any good. She praises everything so much that you know she means, Is that all?"

"She says, You can't do that, whatever it is, when what she means is that she couldn't do it. When I told her in spite of the family and the job I'd made the Law Review she said, 'You're doing too much,' when what she meant was: It's your funeral."

"The world has gone past her, and at some level she is jealous."

Every one of the women says, "She thinks my house is never clean enough."

"She thinks families always love each other and dinners are delicious and everything is always fine, and if it isn't, then it's my failure."

We are never going to be like that.

As their children grow older they try to remain open, friendly, honest, tolerant, but behind their eyes the question rises and will not be put down. Will we be like that after all?

Beware for she is lurking, as the full moon approaches she will beg her captors to lock the cell tightly and chain her to the bars, but when the moon completes itself she will break through steel to get to you and when she does she will spring on your best moments and savage them, the bloody saliva spraying for your own good for she never does anything she does except out of love.

And she does love you.

Says her own mother, whom she has just asked what she's going to do when she gets out of the hospital:

"We'll see."

It is the same answer her mother gave when she was a child and asking, Are we going to the movies? Can I have some candy? Is my life going to come out all right? It infuriates her because it means nothing.

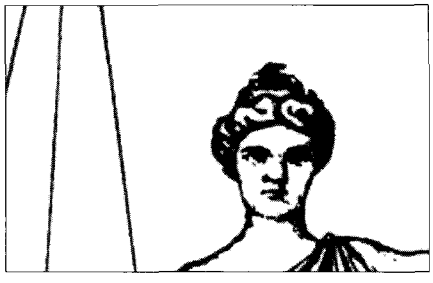
(She will always give her own children straight answers. She will tell them more than they want to know about things they may not have asked.)

She is trembling with rage. The aging woman looks at her with that same heedless smile, magnificently negligent. How will she manage alone with a mending hip?

We'll see. That smile!

She cannot know whether this is folly or bravery. In her secret self she can feel the yoke descending.

I will never be like that.



Can she keep her hand from twitching when she sees her daughter's hair out of control? Can she be still when the oldest flies to Europe and his brother wants to leave school/move away/hitchhike to Florida and sleep on beaches? Will she be able to pretend these decisions are theirs to make or will she begin to replicate those maternal patterns of duplicity? Kissing the cheek to detect fever, giving the gift designed to improve the recipient, making remarks that pretend to be idle but stampede her young in the direction she has chosen. She never wants to do that.

She wants to be herself, is all.

Is that such a big thing to want?

Her problem is that she wishes to believe she has more than one function.

Lash me to the . . .

Are you sure you know what you're doing?

Are you all right?

I was just asking.

Beware the weremother, for even when you have hung the room with wolfsbane and sealed the door and bolted it with a crucifix, even as you light the candles she is abroad and there is no power to prevent her; cross yourself and stay alert for she will spring upon you and her bite has the power to transform even the strongest. Barricade yourself and never take anything for granted even when you think you're safe, for even in that last moment, when you think you have killed her with the silver bullet or stopped her once and for all with the stake at the crossroads her power lives; when everything else is finished there will be the guilt.

Kit Reed is the author, most recently, of a collection of short stories called Thief of Lives *(University of Missouri Press).*

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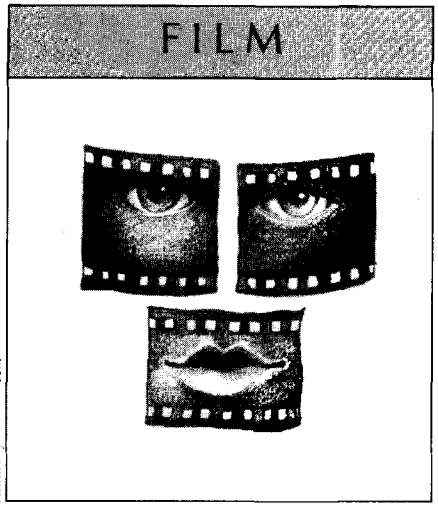


Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Sinners into Saints

by David R. Slavitt

In the Name of the Father
Produced and directed by Jim Sheridan
Screenplay by Terry George and Jim Sheridan
Based on the autobiography of Gerry Conlon
Released by Universal Pictures

Franz Kafka was right about metamorphoses. The usual direction is from the human condition to something lower, the cockroach or whatever insect it was that Gregor Samsa became. Movies, though, are a popular art, depend on mass audiences, and, with more or less calculation, appeal to the mass taste. Movies prefer stories of transformation from bugdom upward, or, as in this picture, from fecklessness to something approaching sainthood.

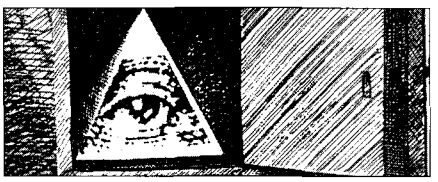
There is a fine moment of vindication at the end of *In the Name of the Father*, when the judge dismisses the case of *The Crown* v. *Gerry Conlon* and bangs his gavel. The audience in the courtroom cheers as Conlon (Daniel Day-Lewis) shrugs off his guards and announces that he is a free man and will walk out the front door. His lawyer, Mrs. Pierce (Emma Thompson), smiles in approval, and the crowd outside the courthouse roars in a celebration in which we are invited to join. . . . But of what? The correction of an injustice? The inevitable triumph of good over evil? The lesser contention that, if only through Murphy's Law, evil doesn't always win out?

Conlon was one of the Guildford Four, accused by the Brits of having bombed a pub on the relatively flimsy ground that he was an Irish Catholic, had been in England at the time, and had gone back to Belfast with a fistful of money. Early on, they discovered that his alibi was plausible, that there had been a vagrant named Burke in the park in London where Conlon claimed to have been at the time of the bombing, but this was a war. Perhaps they believed that if they arrested and convicted anyone at all, the real bombers might take advantage of the opportunity and stop their acts of terrorism or at least lay low for a while.

Conlon wasn't a bomber and had nothing to do with the I.R.A., which wouldn't have had him even if he'd volunteered because he was an unreliable, lying, stealing, all but worthless layabout who was interested only in drugs, free love, and whatever easy money he could get hold of without too much effort. His transformation during the course of his 15 years of imprisonment (three and a half of them in solitary confinement) to a condition of some worth and weight, even of some wisdom, is the story Jim Sheridan is interested in telling, and he manages it well enough, I suppose. Daniel Day-Lewis is as good as he has ever been, and we mostly believe in the change his imprisonment brings about in him. But the real Conlon, whom I heard interviewed on the radio a few days before I went to the movie, is much more commanding than Lewis lets himself be. Conlon's laconic testimony to his suffering was eloquent and incontrovertible. And his punishments went far beyond what the movie's prison scenes dare to suggest.

The politics of the setting is all but irrelevant. The English in the film behave amazingly badly (but then, during the week I saw the film, Gerry Adams, the head of Sinn Fein, visited New York and the English demonstrated to the world how foolish they can be by broadcasting his CNN interview but having an actor read his lines so that his voice would not pollute their air waves). Yet the film is none too sympathetic to the I.R.A. either, and we are given to understand that their terrorist tactics are designed to show up the English as fascists, thugs, and bullies. Conlon is an innocent victim in a war, as the real I.R.A. bomber explains to him when he's caught and put in the same prison, adding, in a nice reference to *The Informer*, "I'm sorry for your trouble."

That the transformation has something to do with Conlon's relationship with his father seems clear. The title tells us so, and the most implausible manipulation of Conlon's story is the assignment of both father and son to the same cell to provide opportunities for Gerry and his Da' to interact. How it works is a mystery, but something happens to the son. Other men might have been broken by the imposition of such punishment, which was, as Conlon argues, all the harder to bear because of his innocence. On the other side, there are only odd hints and inklings. Conlon remembers bits of his childhood—that he clung with his little hand to his Da's big hand, which smelled of tobacco. Happiness, he says, he still associates with that faint smell of tobacco.



It is the death of Gerry's father, Giuseppi, that turns him, somehow, into a man. The real fervor of the film is here, and the picture is worth seeing for Day-Lewis's Conlon and for Pete Postlethwaite's dignifiedly restrained father. The machinery of the film, though, is awkward. By a clumsily contrived accident, Mrs. Pierce, while preparing her appeal, is handed the wrong set of files. She asks for a file in the name of the father and discovers that there are others in the name of the son—including one marked in magisterial majuscules: "NOT TO BE SHOWN TO THE DEFENSE." I thought of a scene in some Woody Allen movie in which a couple of secret agents meet and exchange the code phrase: "I am a spy." Allen, of course, was trying to be funny. Still, the movie doesn't depend on such plot details. The point is that, as in *Henry V*, a father's death can be the occasion for a spiritual regeneration and redemption of the kind we see Conlon undergo, and this transformation is what the passion and intensity of Sheridan and Day-Lewis manage credibly to convey.

David R. Slavitt is a poet and novelist living in Philadelphia.

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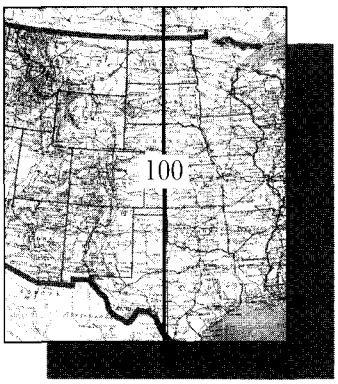
The Hundredth Meridian

by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

Groundhog Days, Javelina Nights



How a people as addicted to novelty as the modern American public can remain indifferent to an experience restricted to the last three or four of the thousands of human generations, drawing their airplane window shades to watch a movie or study an organizational chart, is—or ought to be—a subject of major interest to the psychological profession. Apparently the only way I will ever obtain an aerial view of the canyon wilderness that surrounds the confluence of the Green and Colorado rivers in southeastern Utah is by hijacking a commercial flight from Tucson or Phoenix to Salt Lake City—nothing serious, just a cordial inducement to alter course by a few degrees so as to pass a hundred miles east of Bryce Canyon instead of directly above it on an unswerving northerly heading. If there is a more thrilling experience than that of observing from 37,000 feet an area of remotely beautiful and inaccessible terrain intimately experienced at ground level, then it must be something I haven't tried yet, like bungee-cord jumping or gang warfare. The deserts of southern Utah and northern Arizona extend beneath an arctic sky in overthrusting shelves of rose-hued and rust-colored rock, broken by the dark whale-backed bulk of Navajo Mountain and fissured by the straightened gorge cut by the Green River below Glen Canyon Dam through uplands rising toward the North Rim of the Grand Canyon. Presumably my seatmate, paging through a Morris Air publication called *The Great American Bathroom Book*, which contains synopses of 25 or 30 great works of world literature from *Don Quixote* to *The Old Man and the Sea*, had never set foot on the wild, austere, ineffably beautiful country below. Why should *he* care?

From the air, the American Southwest—most of it, anyway—appears still to belong to the Empty Quarter. Unfortunately the appearance is as illusory as photographs routinely transmitted by satellite cameras 250 miles above the surface of the earth that reveal no sign of human habitation, including even Los Angeles. The Southwest, Arizona in particular, is rapidly filling up, though it is not exactly being settled: more accurately, it is being consumed. In contemporary Arizona, any place that is not intolerably hot in season or intolerably cold (like the White Mountains in the east-central part of the state) is either the object of invasion and development by tens of thousands of disillusioned Californians, retired Minnesotans, and uncomfortable Phoenicians or it is at risk of becoming one. In the last 40 years, millions of people from all over the United States have transplanted themselves to Phoenix in order to be warm; in the last ten many of these have been moving north out of the desert to the once pleasant mountain communities of Prescott, Sedona, Cottonwood, and Flagstaff to cool off. Then when the autumn snows arrive on the Mogollon Rim, they head for Phoenix again. Such has become the American way. The Pima Indians, too, led nomadic lives, but theirs were a lot less rough on the environment. In America, land ought to be listed in Patagonia, L.L. Bean, and Orvis catalogues and sold from them. Perhaps one day it will be.

Somehow Arizona remains a beautiful, scenically varied, and biologically diverse state in spite of massive urban and suburban sprawl, booming geriatric communities, trailer parks the size of Eastern counties, copper mines expiring amid cubic miles of spoil, military bases occupied by high-tech barbarians, Indian gambling casinos, the sandy tracks of once-living rivers rendered extinct to provide water for air-conditioning systems and asparagus farms, and artificial lakes quietly evolving into suppurating mudholes where sunken houseboats and drowned bass fishermen will eventually be memorialized in fossil form. From the headwaters of the Gila River on the New Mexico border to the Grand Canyon, the Mogollon Plateau, an upland region covered by low pine, scrub and live oak, and chaparral overshadowed by the White and San Francisco mountains with their forests of aspen and tall pine, divides the high northern and low southern deserts. The southeastern corner, strangely lush despite its blond meadows, purple volcanic turf, and creosote plains sweeping between sharp blue ranges, is also mountainous. But Arizona has a desert heart, and so the best and most typical parts of it are desert, almost deserted—the Navajo Reservation (26 million acres) that fills up the northeastern corner and Papago Land (home of the Tohono O'Odham and bigger than the state of Connecticut) southwest of Tucson.

Of course the tourists, second-home owners, and snowbirds are not here for the desert, or even for the less forbidding hill country. In fact, they have not come for Arizona at all. They are drawn by what they call The Climate, or what might more accurately be termed The End of Weather. During the three months I spent in Tucson the winter before last, the sky barely changed from a customary milky blue that prevailed across a wide spectrum of increasing and decreasing temperatures, as if an electric oven were being turned up or down. Pleasant enough in its way of course, but also rather eerie and very monotonous. But the Blueheads, as the AARP crowd is known locally, seem not to notice. They want life at womb temperature and peace, not variety and excitement.

Late winter and early spring are my wandering time, less because I am fed up with the northern snows than because the summers in Wyoming are so perfect and evanescent that I am unwilling to miss so much as a week of them. And the Southwest, lovely at all times of the year, is especially beautiful in March and April. In order to appreciate it, though, you need to get far away from the "seniors," who with their short pants and sneakers, discounted prices, unadulterated leisure, and general irresponsibility give new meaning to the words "second

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childhood." It is the present generation of seniors that is chiefly responsible for the despoliation of the American landscape by suburbia, shopping malls, superhighways, fast-food strips, and industrial parks to the point where almost no work of human hands in America today is worth any response beyond a violent retch. Nothing in Arizona approaches, from an aesthetic point of view, the beauty of a 2,000-foot wall of slickrock cliff, yet in Sedona—built at the outlet of Oak Creek Canyon, in which Zane Grey (a remarkably sophisticated rhetorician when compared not just to Louis L'Amour but to most "serious" novelists of the present day) lived, hunted catamounts, and wrote his horse operas—the Blueheads are hard at work, having retired from every other occupation, to bring the culture and beauty of Terre Haute, Indiana, to what was up until yesterday primeval wilderness. The proof of the failure of American civilization is these pathetic aged children, creators of the American Century and the richest and most fortunate generation in the history of the entire world, arrived at what is supposed to be the age of wisdom with nothing on their minds but golf and dessert and no weapon with which to confront their mortality beyond a wallet full of credit cards.

In order to make an acquaintance with Arizona at any time of year, you have to get out on the back—meaning dirt—roads: disappear into the Indian reservations; poke around on the Mexican border, where the two-bit smugglers scamper across carrying greasy backpacks stuffed with cocaine and the big fish, on horseback and armed with AK-47s, lead their pack strings loaded with bales of marijuana through steep dark canyons; and slip over into Mexico to attend the bullfights in Nogales, Sonora. In Agua Prieta, contingent to the American city of Douglas (founded in the early 1900's by the family of the late Supreme Court Justice), the Christmas decorations remain for Easter, and if you tip the *tabernero* five bucks he will call the cops and maybe even draw a knife in your defense when the other patrons look squint-eyed at you and mutter about getting the gringo. West of the town of Sells, capital city of the Tohono O'Odham, the Papago Indians are having their Spring Classic Rodeo, selling fry bread under *ramadas* covered by ocotillo poles while the musicians prepare for a Chicken Scratch dance in the evening. Near the crossroads hamlet of Why, north of Cabeza Prieta and Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument, not far from Edward Abbey's secret grave, sluggish rattlesnakes awakening from their winter nap nip at your heels and red-tailed hawks fan your shoulders with their wings as you climb the hills among rotting cacti for a better view of misshapen iron mountains floating distantly on their wide alluvial pediments.

Four years ago I bought a javelina license and went pig-hunting with my friend Jim Rauen from Belen, New Mexico. We hunted long and hard in the Burro Mountains in southwestern New Mexico immediately east of the Arizona line and saw nothing but torn-up prickly pear surrounded by the tiny heart-shaped tracks of these small desert swine to whom the mysterious disappearances of prospectors, desert rats, and mystical hippies have been attributed over the years. After season's end, Jim returned to Belen while I proceeded into Arizona, made camp in the desert in view of the Chiricahua Mountains, and watched snow fall from black spring clouds above the golden valley at sunset. After a supper of leathery steak, beans and chile, and a bottle of red wine, I crawled into my bag and slept until two in the morning when a pod of pigs rooting up cacti around the tent woke me. Still, the best place—the *locale du jour*—in late March and in April is not in Arizona at all but in southeastern Utah, on the verge of the canyon country in which Grey set his *Riders of the Purple Sage* and which Edward Abbey later made legendary through many books and essays and perhaps even a few well-intentioned lies. Canyonlands National Park lies close to the heart of the region, but it is to be avoided if you are traveling by horseback and are addicted to cooking supper and warming yourself at a juniper-wood fire instead of huddling, as ideologically minded backpackers insist on doing, over a tiny stinking stove powered by white gas and manufactured by socialists in Sweden.

Lavender Canyon begins—rather it ends—as a wide grassy valley booby-trapped by prickly pear and bisected by a sandy wash that, in early spring, carries a thin sheet of moving water. The right wall culminates in an imposing chimney called Sixshooter Peak; the left, a tall slickrock cliff, is interrupted at intervals by tree-grown ledges like Babylonian gardens. It is a 12-mile ride to camp over an imperceptible gradient, on a creek bed firm and smooth except for the sandiest places. The horses, fat and soft from a winter spent on the windy steppes of Wyoming at temperatures to 40 and 50 below zero, are encouraged by the warm sun and the cool water to a brisk trot that causes the tin pans and pots, the bottles of bourbon and brandy and wine, to chink cheerfully inside the packs strapped over the croup behind the saddle. As the canyon narrows, the meadow is invaded by juniper and cedar trees, and presently a riverine cottonwood, green like sea foam with spring, appears around a bend. Each year it is the stopping place for lunch.

The rock walls close around a funnel of cooling air moving down canyon as the sun declines and the watercourse enters a series of tight turns grown up in the swags with greasewood and sagebrush. The horses respond to the loosened rein by breaking to a lope, and abruptly the canyon opens to encompass a glade filled by slim cottonwoods, where it is joined by a box canyon screened by cedars and box elders concealing high red walls circling a grassy park. The indentation in the north wall, 50 feet above the canyon floor, is crowded by the nests of bats and of cliff swallows and by broken rock; at one end a pair of graineries, built of carefully cut stone blocks, shows against the back wall of the cave, which six or seven hundred years ago was a village of Fremont Indians, cousins to the mysterious Anasazi. We unload the horses and make camp directly below the cave, inside the overlip cut by flood waters into the base of the cliff.

While my companion gathers wood for a fire, I strip to my shorts and race the horses bareback in the creek through sprays of cooling water. Later we uncork a bottle of red wine and sit by the russet flames listening to the young tree frogs sing from the leafing cottonwoods, as a full moon rises above the canyon wall and above our heads the ghosts of the ancient Southwest murmur from their ruined home. Soon it will be time to head north and contend for a month or so longer with the protracted winter that alone has protected Wyoming from the fate that is overtaking Arizona. But here and now, winter is finished, and we are in Paradise. c

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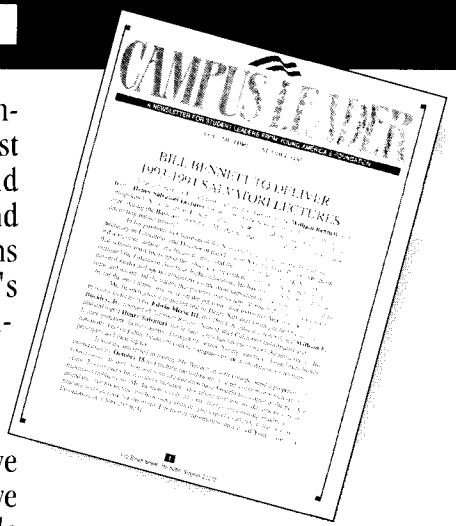
"Young America's Foundation is a refuge for students seeking an alternative to the 'politically correct' environment enforced on many campuses."

Ronald Reagan

Libertas is the Foundation's general newsletter published six times yearly. It reports on Foundation events, noting students who have been successful conducting campus programs and battling political correctness.

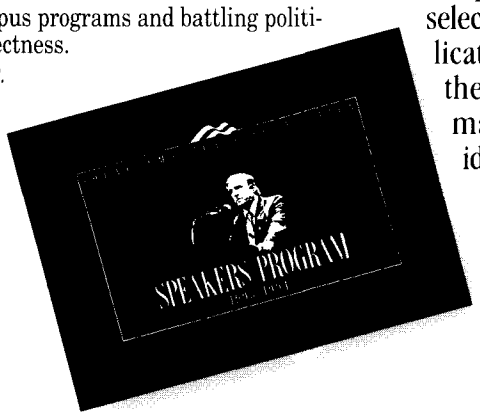
Free.

Now more than ever conservative students must be prepared to defend their beliefs. Knowledge and information are key weapons in this battle, whether it's understanding how to conduct a conservative speakers program, ward off "politically correct" administrators, or run an alternative publication. For twenty-five years Young America's Foundation has helped students with speakers, publications, training and advice. Now we introduce the "Campus Activist Package," a selection of Foundation publications that can give you the know-how and information to promote your ideas on campus.



Campus Leader is the Foundation's monthly newsletter for student contacts. It contains information on resources available from the Foundation, including speakers, books, and posters. Each issue includes a full-size poster. These posters have decorated thousands of dorm rooms on campuses all over the U. S.

Free to students.



Young America's Foundation Speakers Program contains information on the various speakers offered through the Foundation, including William F. Buckley, Oliver North, Russell Kirk, Bay Buchanan, William Bennett, Dinesh D'Souza, Phyllis Schlafly, Walter Williams, and many more. In recent years these speakers have addressed thousands of students, bringing balance to hundreds of campuses all over the U. S.

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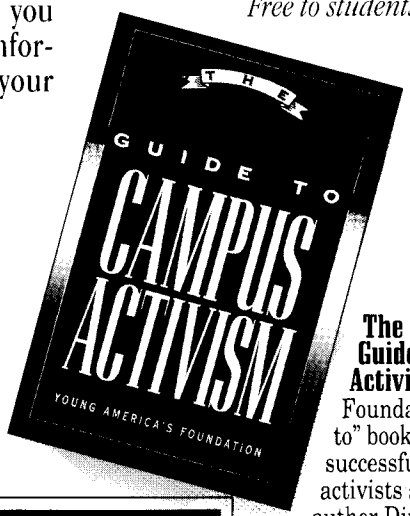

The Conservative Guide to Campus Activism is the Foundation's "how-to" book written by successful campus activists such as author Dinesh D'Souza, Congressman Dana Rohrabacher and Foundation President Ron Robinson. Includes chapters on how to start a conservative newspaper, conducting speaking events, fundraising, how to defend your legal rights on campus, and more.

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